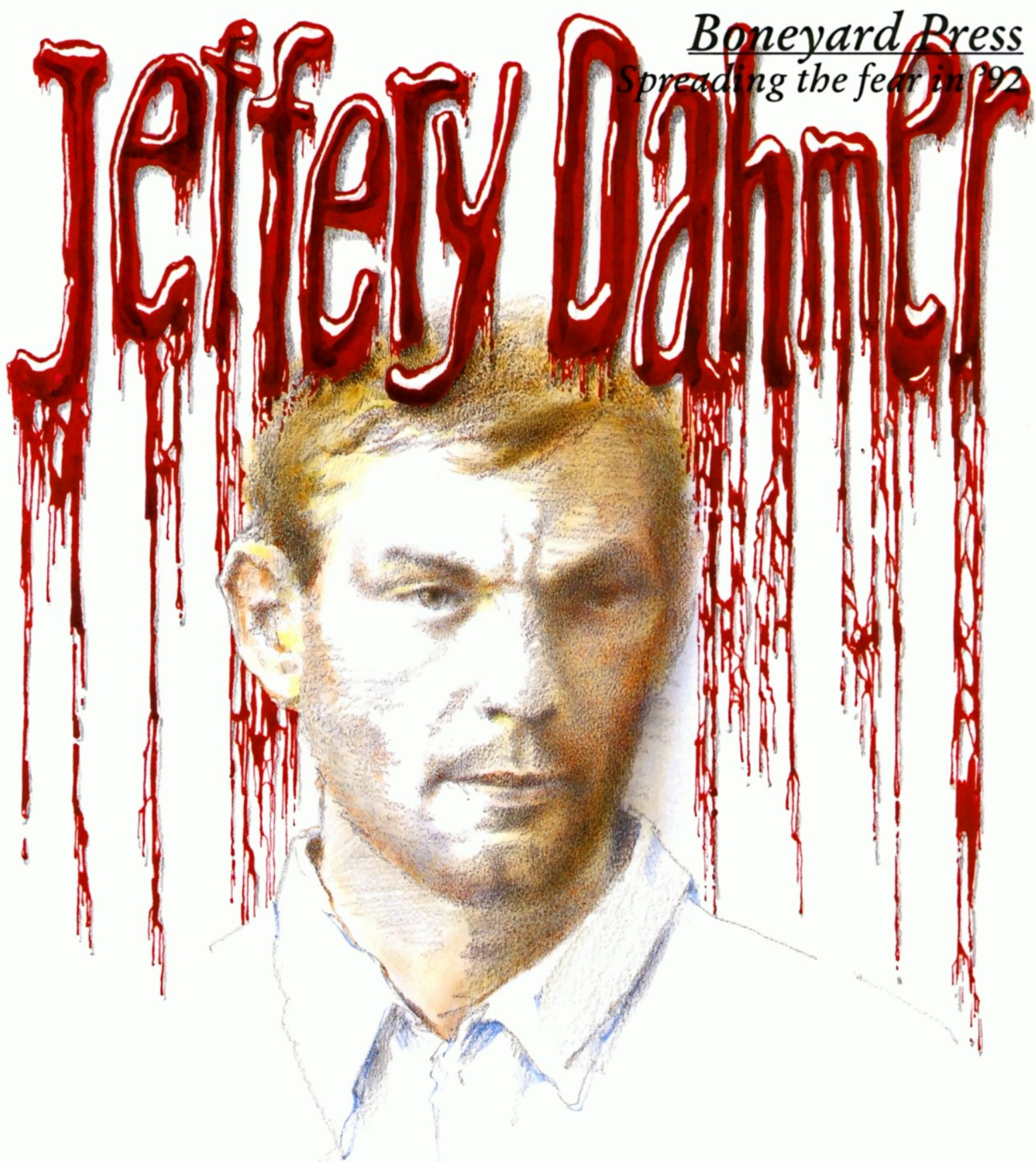


Boneyard Press
Spreading the fear in '92



An Unauthorized Biography of a Serial Killer

\$2.50 U.S.A.
\$2.75 Can.
Mature Readers

Collector's Item Issue!!!

Epitaphs...

Welcome to what is probably your first Boneyard Press comic book. It won't be your last, once you've had a taste you won't be able to shake it, sort of like the AIDS virus.

This book is not a celebration of Dahmer's deeds. It is an examination. It is an attempt to deal with a monster, to cope. For the victim's families ...you have my sympathy, but this story must be told. Uncensored, and not in People magazine's top 25 most intriguing people of 1991 list.

Come. Walk with me for a while, maybe you'll learn a little something about darkness, and the wretched things that scurry in it's folds. Maybe not.

*This, one sick mother
of a comic has been
brought to you by
the kind folks at
Boneyard Press.*

**Hart D. Fisher:
Editor/Writer/Letter**

**Eric Gnoeff
cover**

**Al Hanford:
Artist**

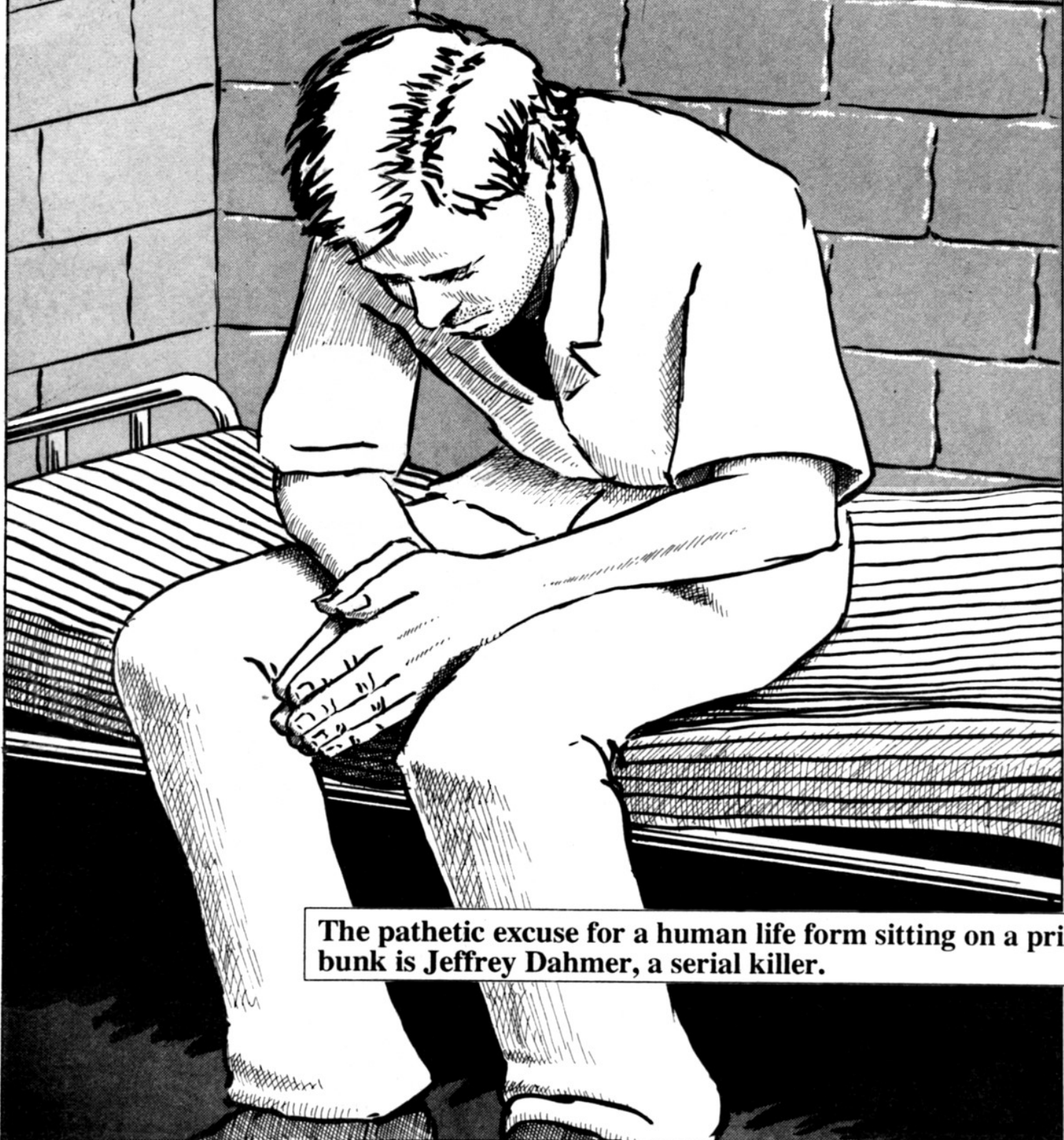
**Dan Madsen:
Slick Business Weasel**

**Bill Yukich:
Grumpy, unpublished
writer type**

**Rob
"that's sick Hart"
Gibson
and a host of others...
who thankfully remain
nameless.**

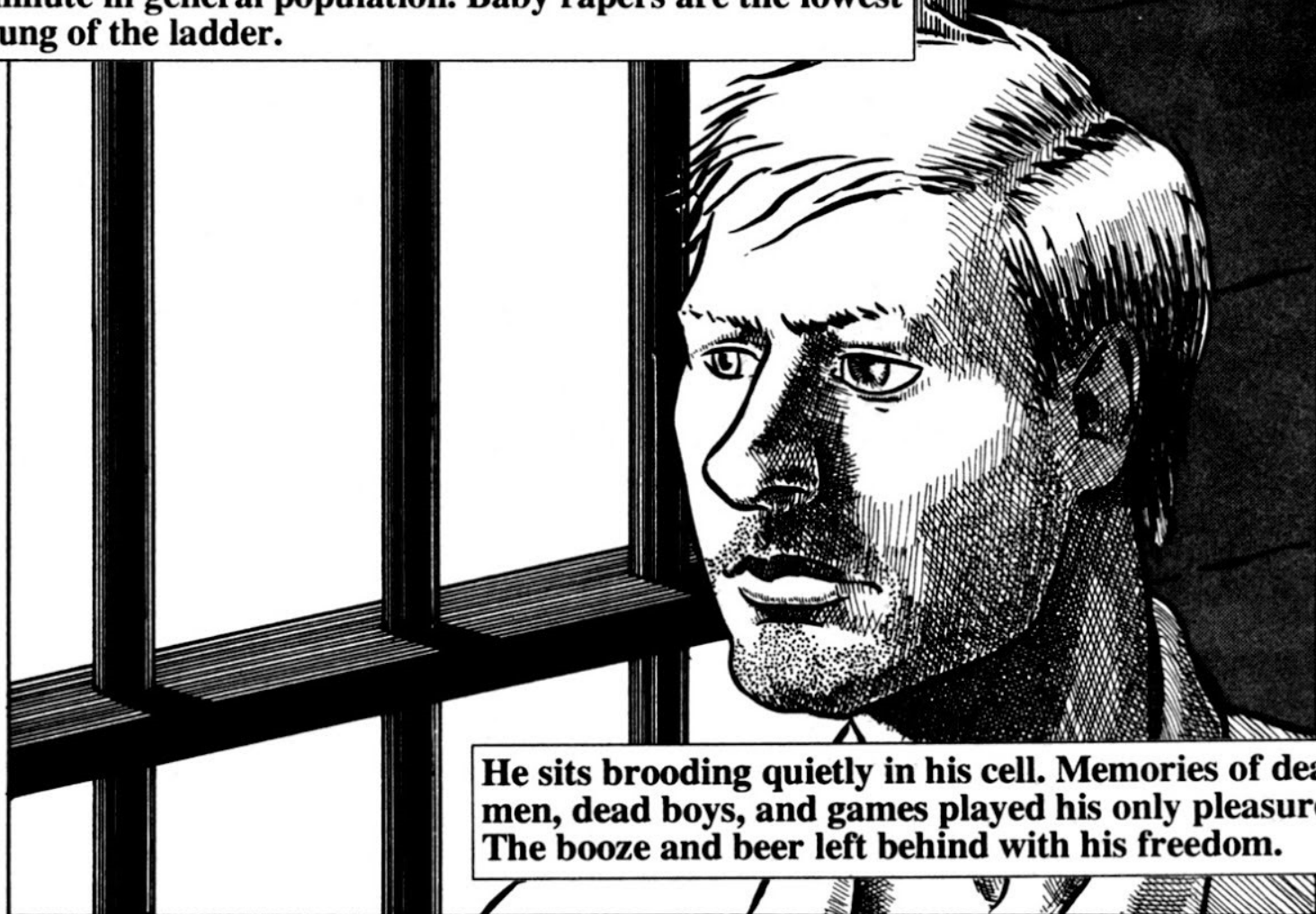
Jeffery Dahmer: An Unauthorized Biography of a serial killer, March 1992 1st printing, published by Boneyard Press, 22 E. Chalmers, Champaign Il. 61820. All contents contained are copyright & TM 1992 Boneyard Press. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, except for the purposes of review, without written permission from Boneyard Press and copyright holder. If you mess with my book, I will find you and burn your genitals with cigar butts.

At 31 years old, he's one of the most talked about men of a new decade, eclipsing movie stars, politicians, rock stars and athletes. His name has become synonymous with evil and perversion. The latest villain in vogue.



The pathetic excuse for a human life form sitting on a prison bunk is Jeffrey Dahmer, a serial killer.

Waiting in PC for his trial, Dahmer's only challenge is killing time. The hard core cons call it Punk City, Protective Custody. Dahmer wouldn't last a New York minute in general population. Baby rapers are the lowest rung of the ladder.

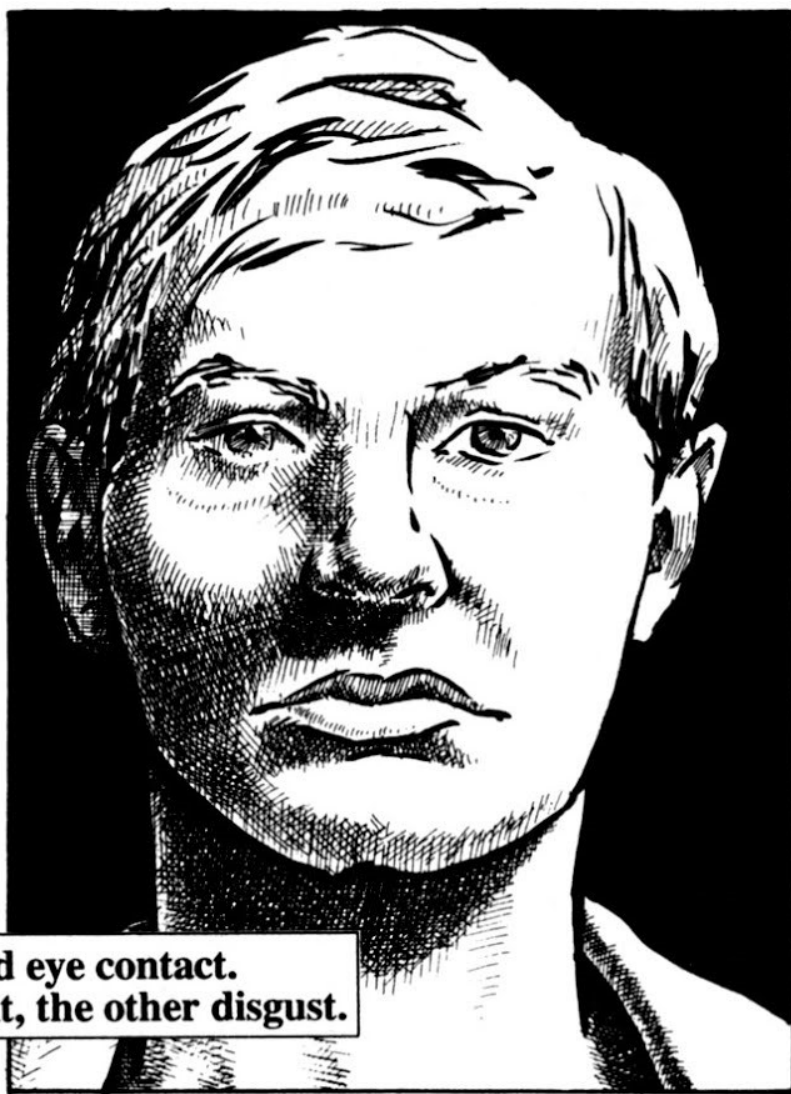


He sits brooding quietly in his cell. Memories of dead men, dead boys, and games played his only pleasure. The booze and beer left behind with his freedom.

A guard sits outside his cell, making sure the killer doesn't take his own life. A waste of tax payers money.

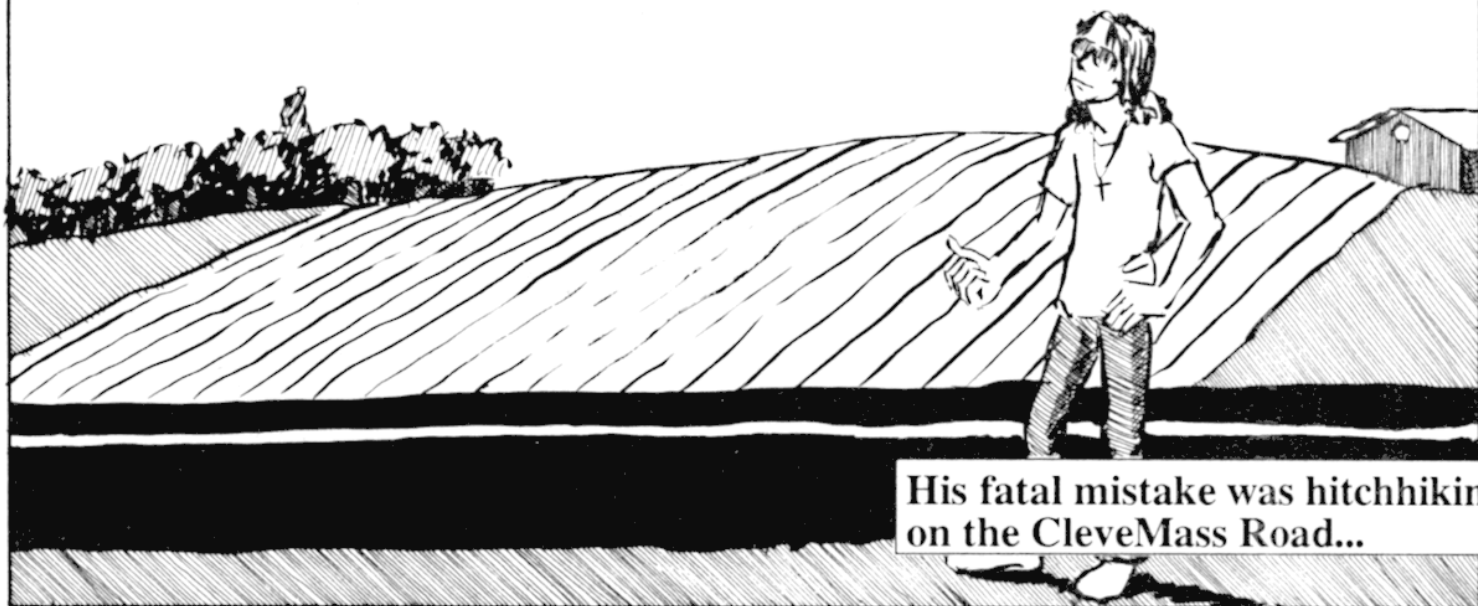


Both men avoid eye contact. One out of guilt, the other disgust.



Steven M. Hicks stood at 5'11" and 160 lbs. He was well liked and 4 days away from his nineteenth birthday. He was on his way home for his father's birthday party.

June 18, 1978



His fatal mistake was hitchhiking on the CleveMass Road...

...and excepting a ride from 18 year old Jeffrey Dahmer.



The two went back to Dahmer's house for a few cold ones, Dahmer's parents were visiting relatives in Wisconsin.



Loud music and good friends were an anomaly to Dahmer. He had no friends. Soon it would be time for his new buddy to go.



Dahmer didn't want him to.

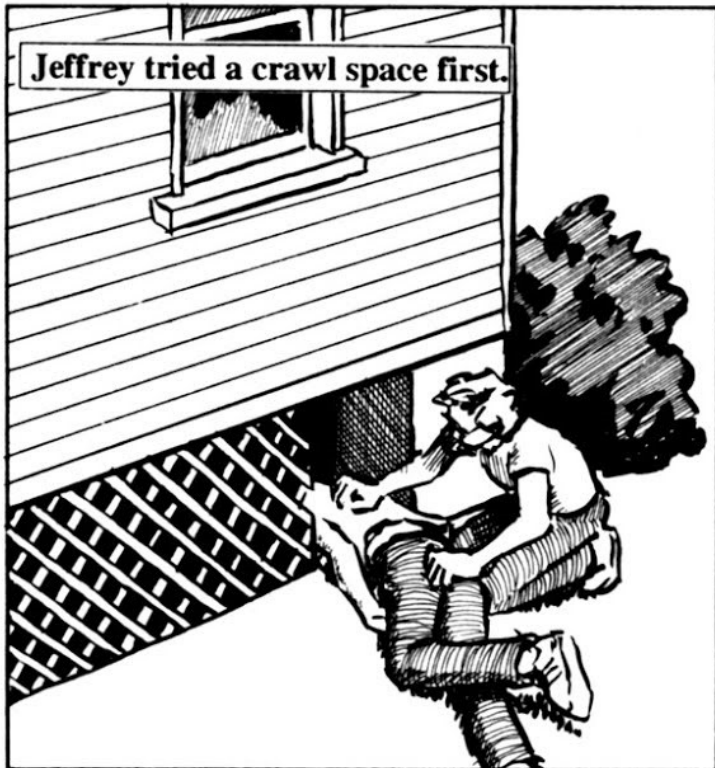




The dumbbell was the closest thing within reach.



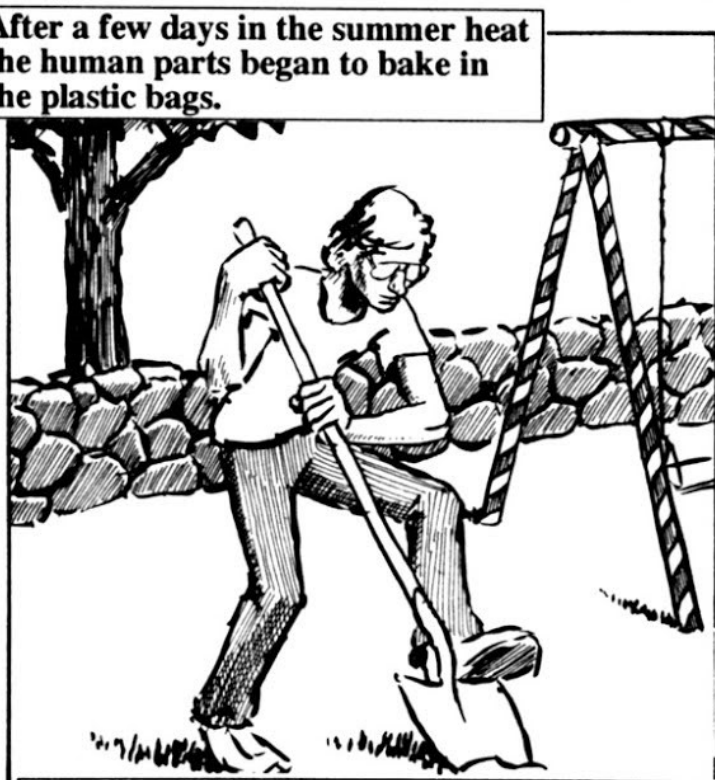
Now young Jeffrey had a body to dispose of, before his parents came home.



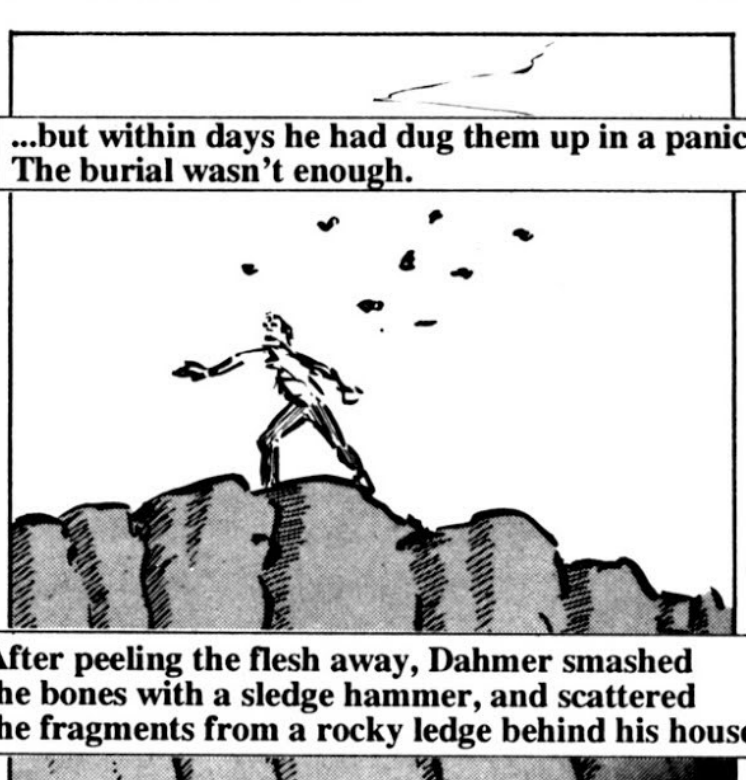
Jeffrey tried a crawl space first.



He dismembered the body, and hid it in garbage bags under the house.



After a few days in the summer heat the human parts began to bake in the plastic bags.



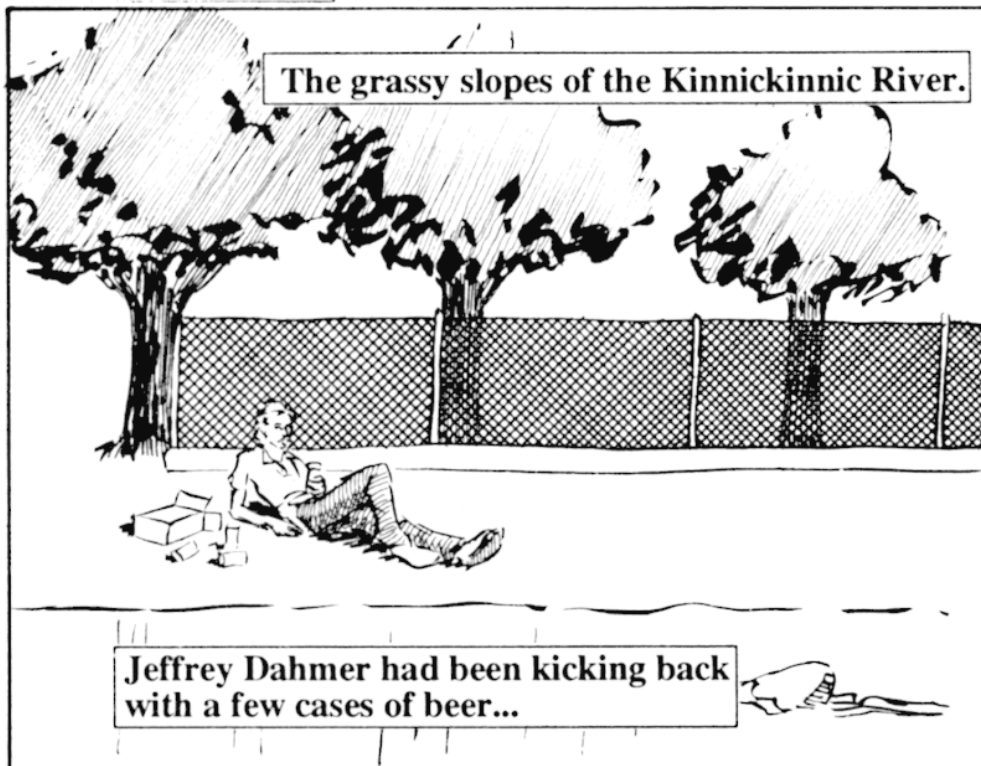
...but within days he had dug them up in a panic. The burial wasn't enough.

The stench forced Jeffrey to try for a burial...

After peeling the flesh away, Dahmer smashed the bones with a sledge hammer, and scattered the fragments from a rocky ledge behind his house.

September 8th, 1986.

The grassy slopes of the Kinnickinnic River.

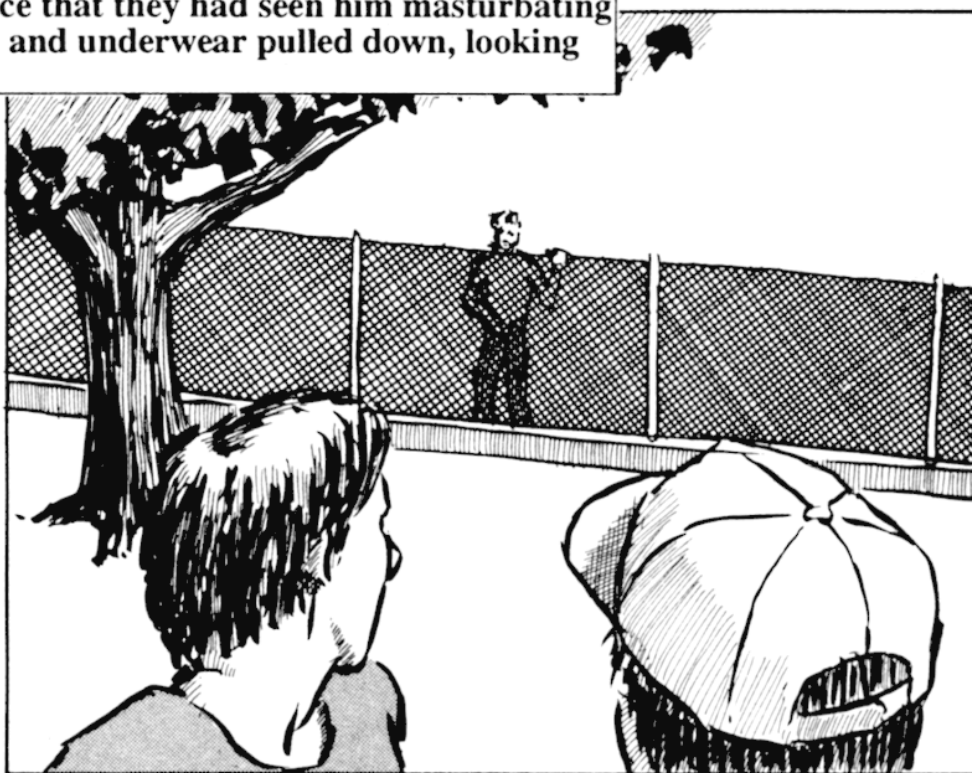


Jeffrey Dahmer had been kicking back with a few cases of beer...

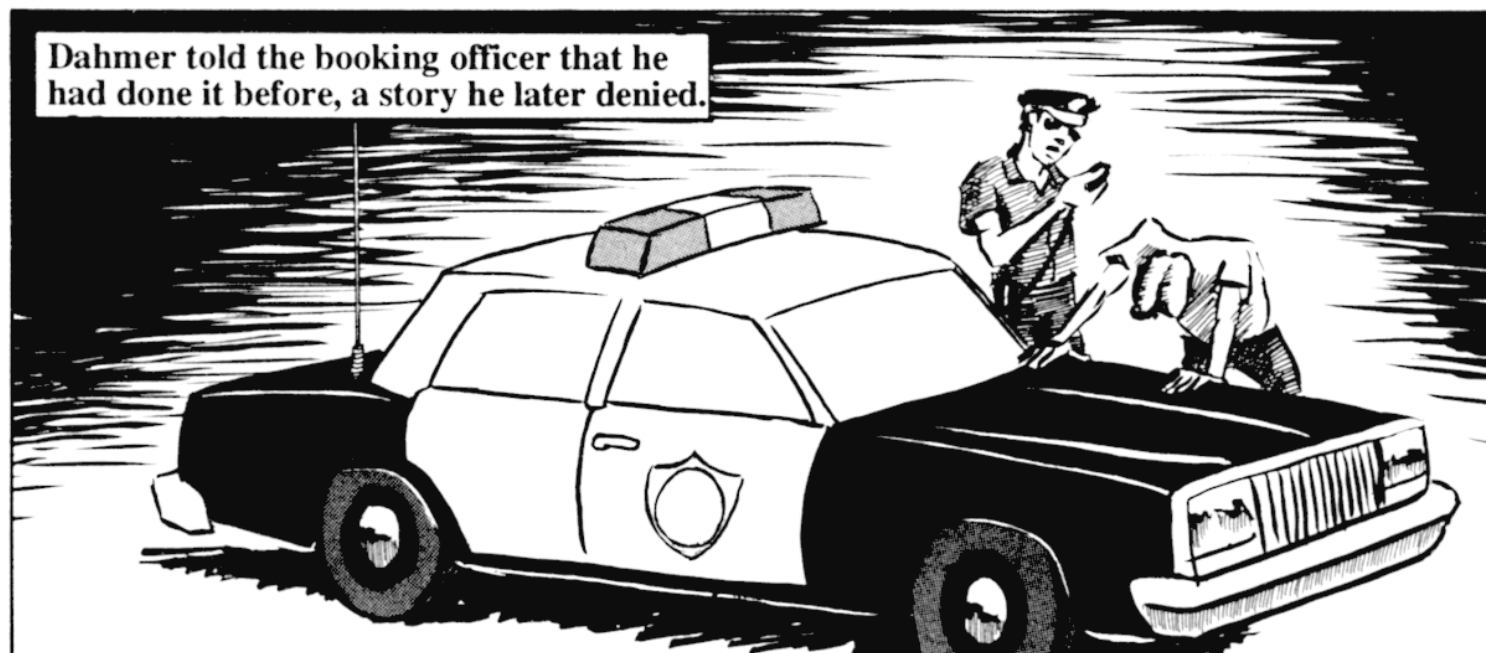
...until he saw two twelve year old boys.



They told police that they had seen him masturbating with his pants and underwear pulled down, looking at them.



Dahmer told the booking officer that he had done it before, a story he later denied.



On March 10th, 1987 Jeffrey Dahmer was convicted of disorderly conduct. Judge Arlene Connors gave him a one year suspended sentence, a bill for forty-two dollars and an order to undergo counseling.

On September 15th, the killing began again, eight years after his first taste.

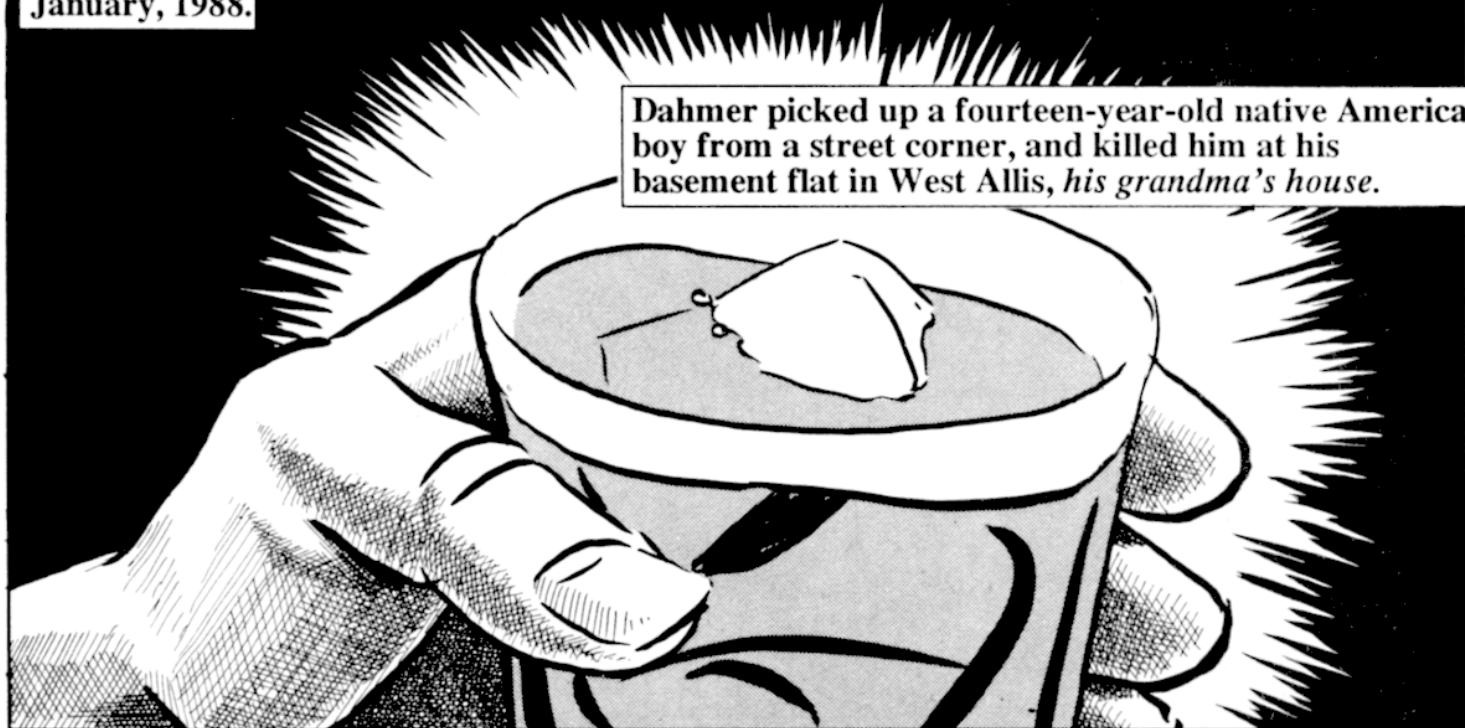


Steven W. Tuomi was the first, a 24 year old short order cook from Michigan.

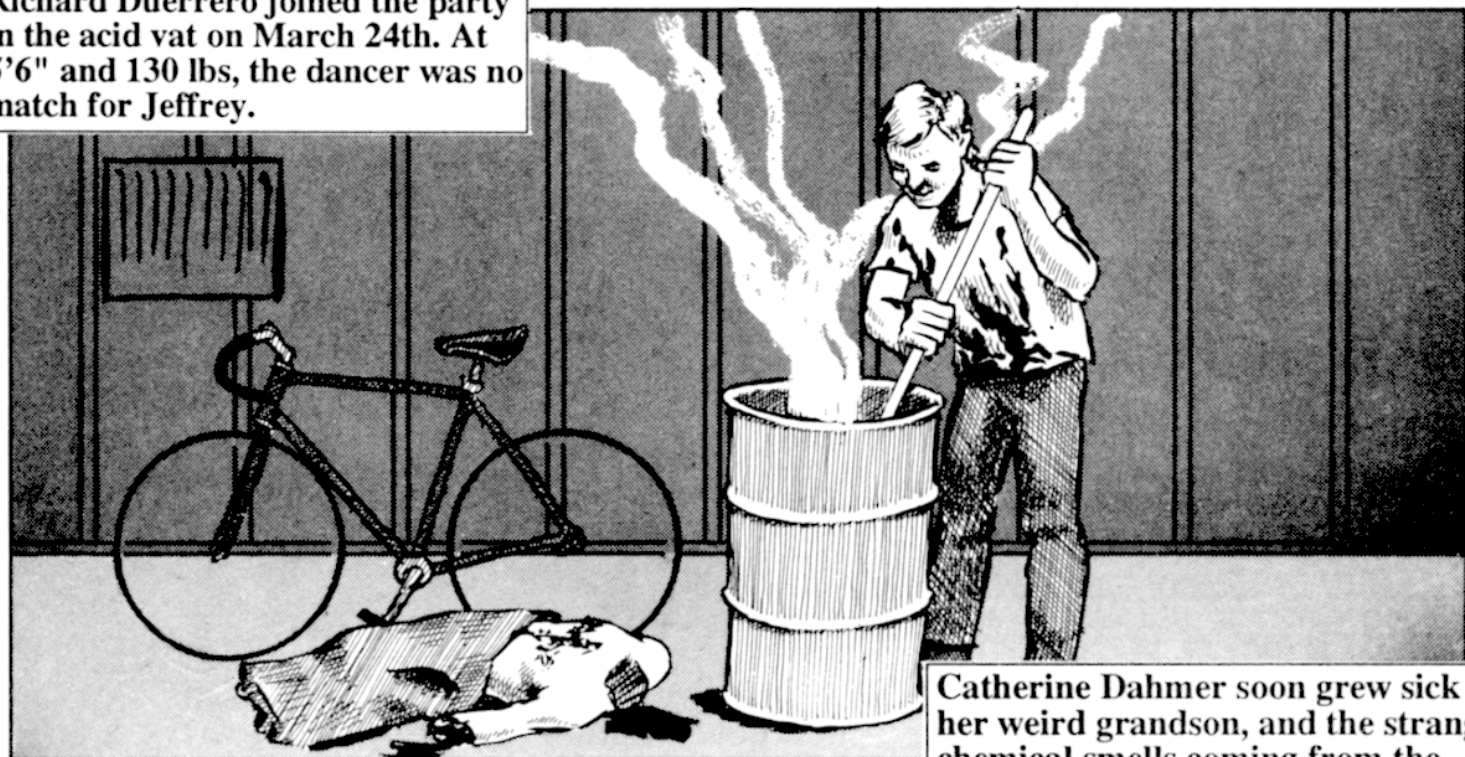


January, 1988.

Dahmer picked up a fourteen-year-old native American boy from a street corner, and killed him at his basement flat in West Allis, *his grandma's house*.



Richard Duerrero joined the party in the acid vat on March 24th. At 5'6" and 130 lbs, the dancer was no match for Jeffrey.



Catherine Dahmer soon grew sick of her weird grandson, and the strange chemical smells coming from the basement. She kicked him out.

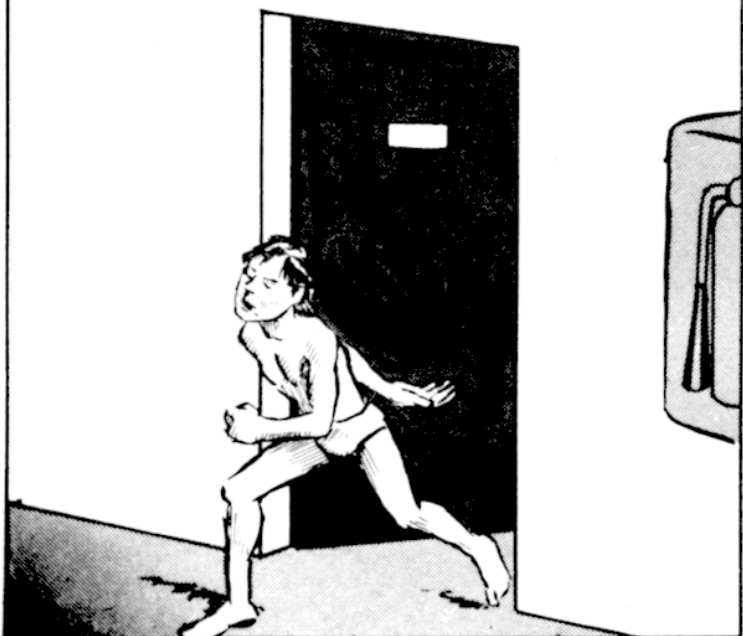
Dahmer moved into apt. #213, at 924 North twenty-fifth Street on September 25th, 1988. It was not the best of neighborhoods.



Dahmer offered the thirteen year old some coffee. The drugged coffee made him feel woozy.



The dazed boy stumbled out the door and fled to his nearby home. The Sinthasomphone's took their boy to the hospital and called the police.



The next day he met a young Asian boy on the street and offered him \$50 to pose for some pictures.



Dahmer moved in, fondling the boy's genitals, telling him it would make him look sexier in the photo's.



Jeffrey Dahmer was arrested and charged with second-degree sexual assault and enticing a child for immoral purposes.

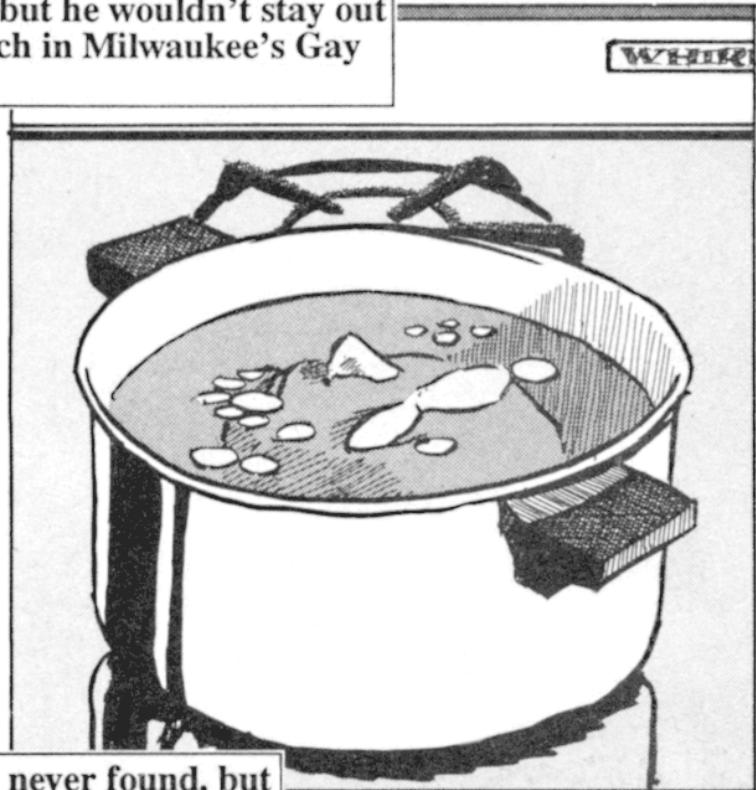
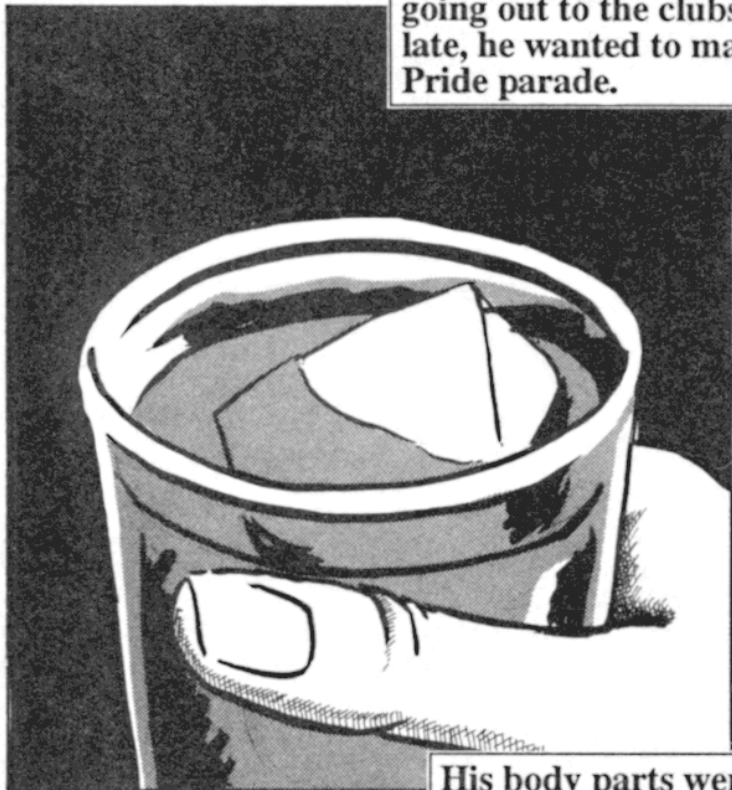


Dahmer was released a week later on bail.

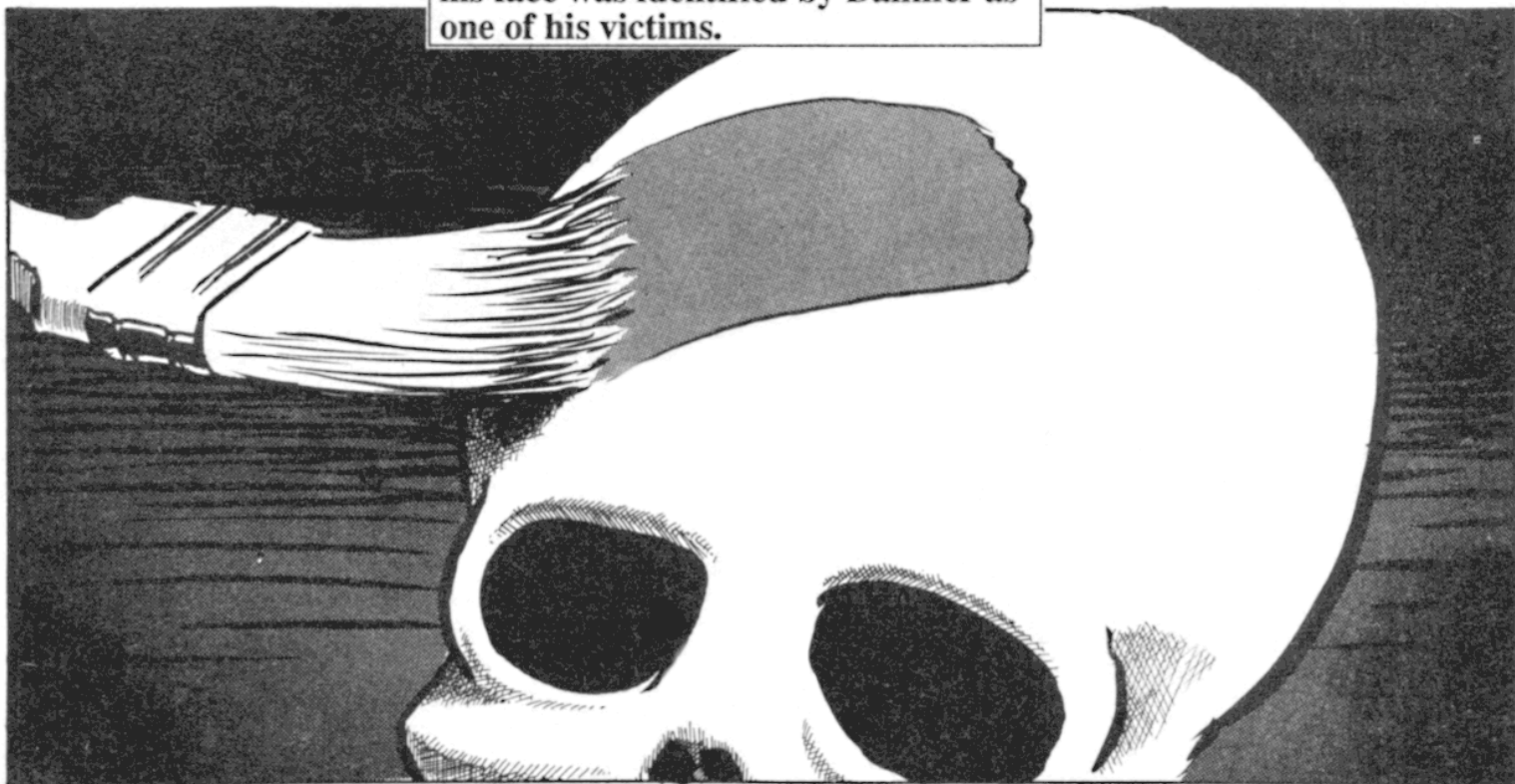
Eddie Smith was living with his sister, Caroline, in a northside duplex.



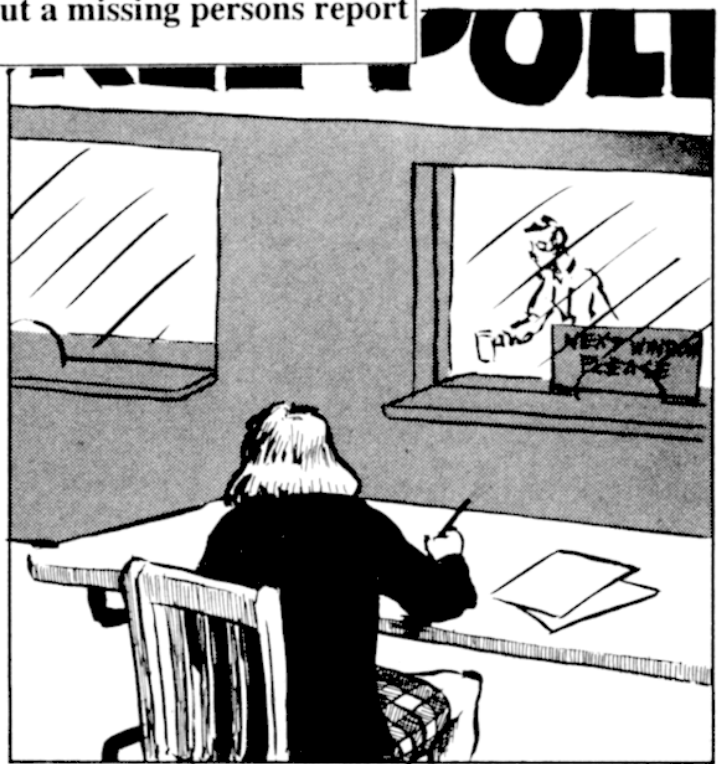
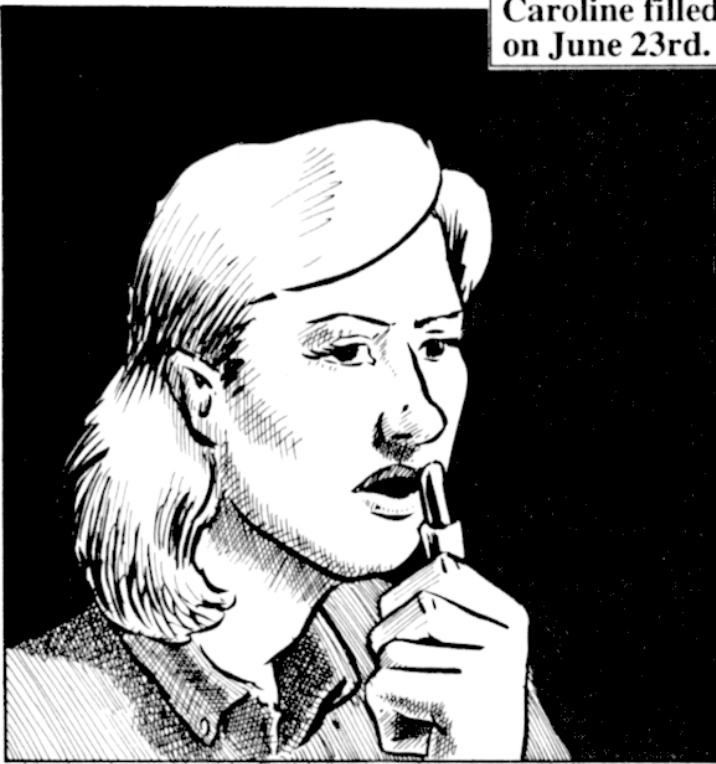
On June 14th, 1990 he told his sister he was going out to the clubs, but he wouldn't stay out late, he wanted to march in Milwaukee's Gay Pride parade.



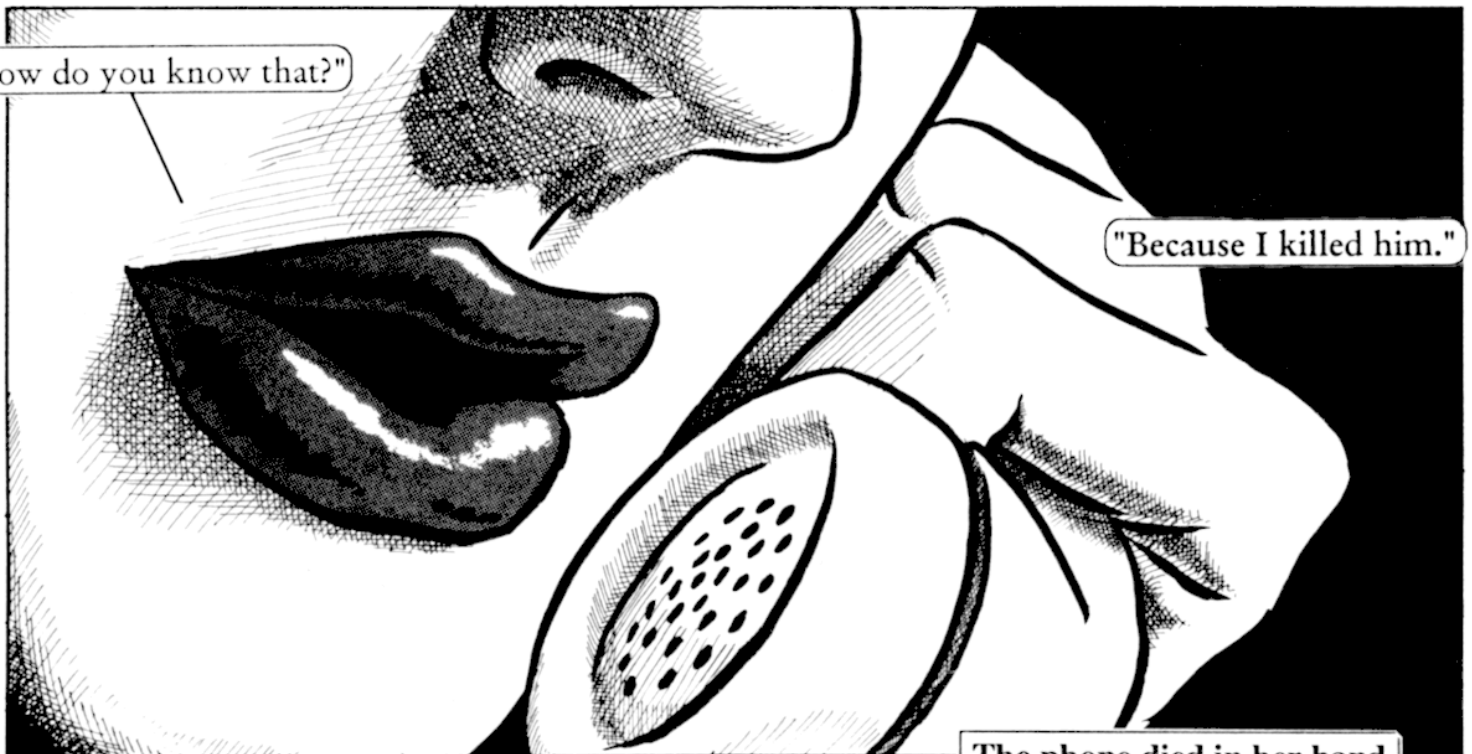
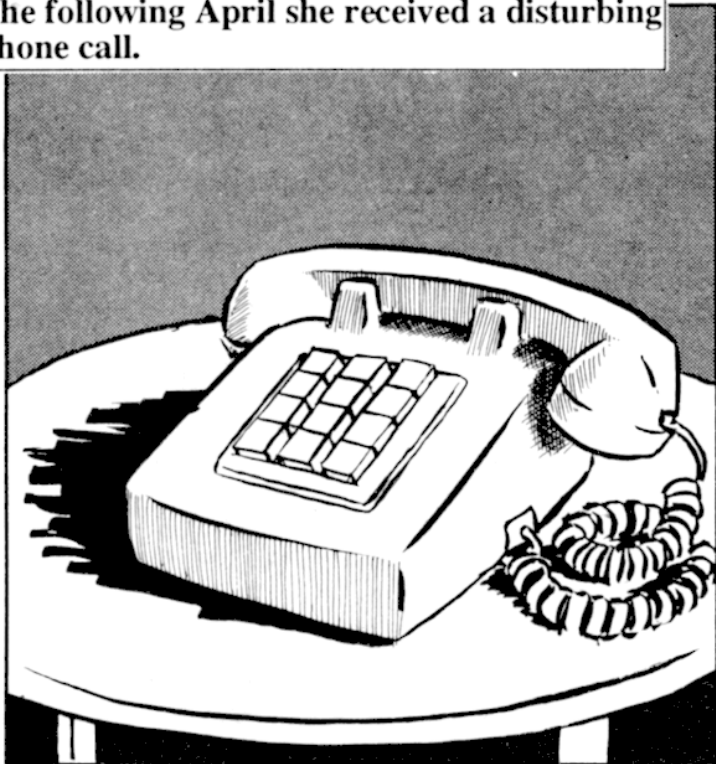
His body parts were never found, but his face was identified by Dahmer as one of his victims.



Caroline filled out a missing persons report on June 23rd.



The following April she received a disturbing phone call.



The phone died in her hand.

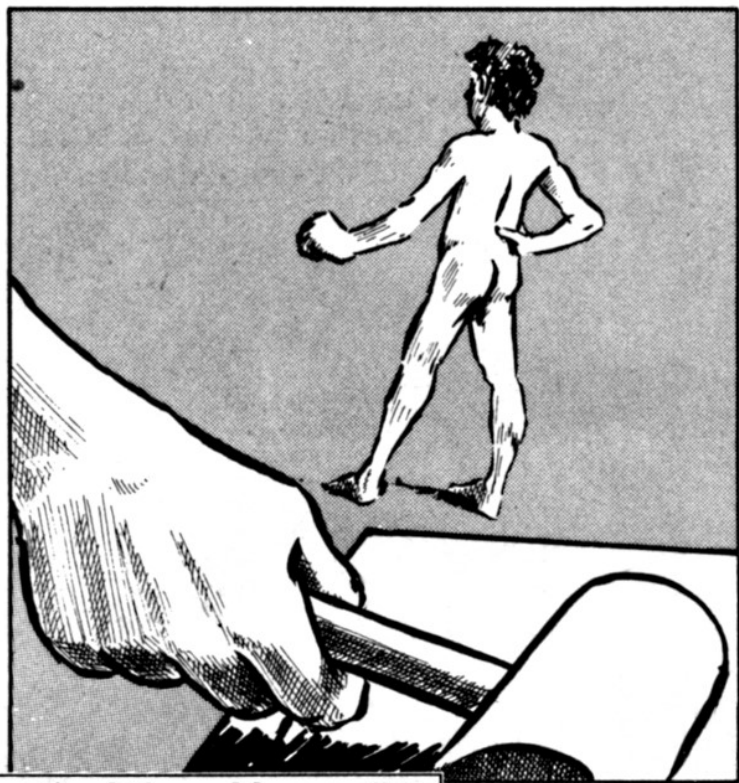
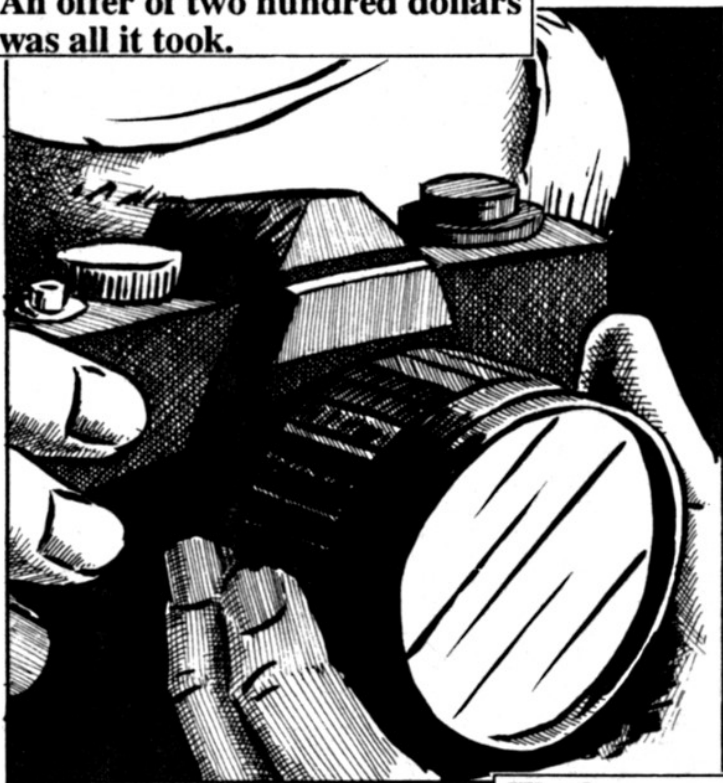
Sunday, July 8th.



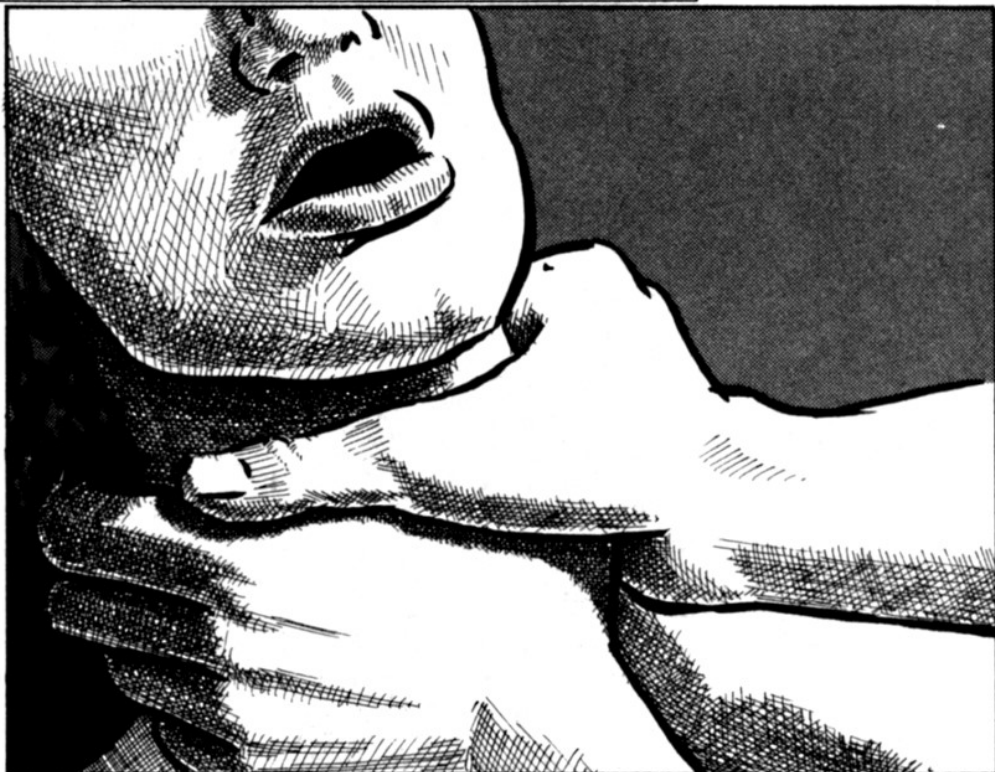
Outside a gay night club, Jeffrey Dahmer has just convinced a fifteen year old boy to pose for him.



An offer of two hundred dollars was all it took.

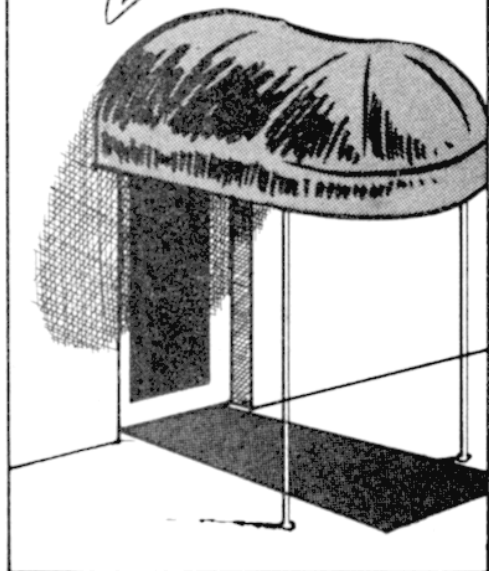


The boy never noticed the rubber mallet.

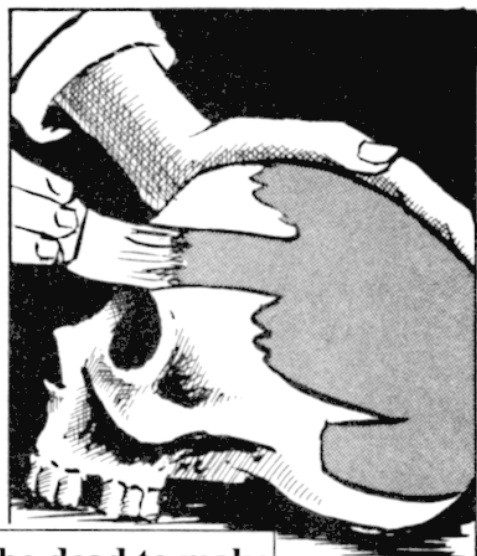


July 14th.

219


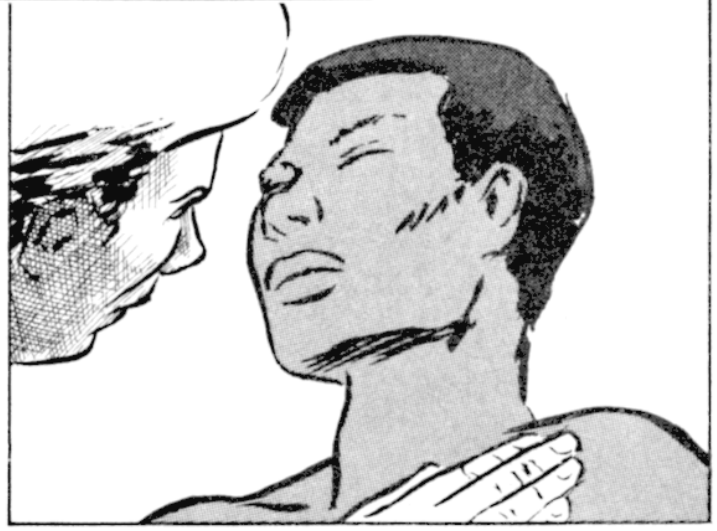


Ricky Beeks a.k.a. Raymond Lamont Smith met Jeffrey Dahmer at Club 219. He was thirty three. Black with a slender build, Jeffrey's type.

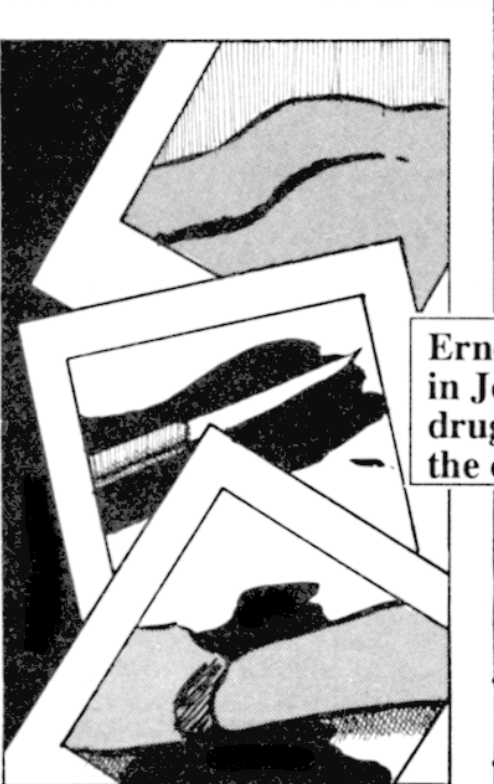
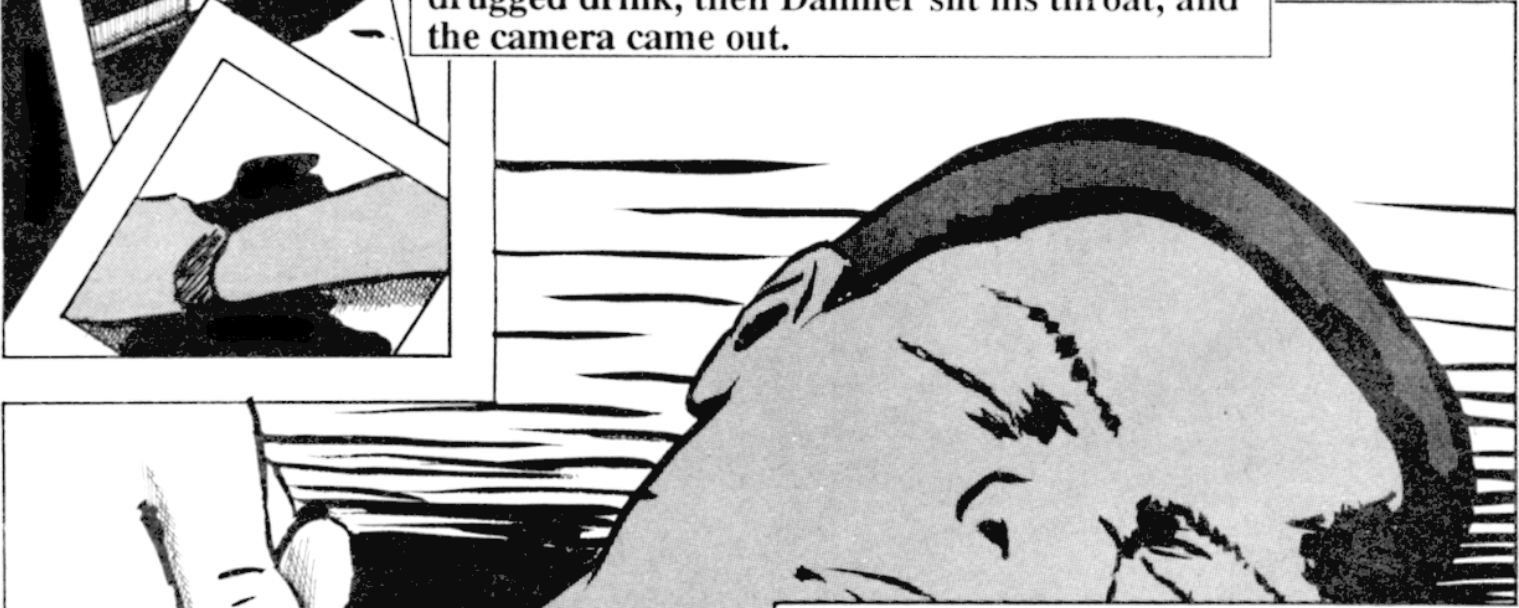


To bad you had to be dead to make it to Jeffrey's bed.


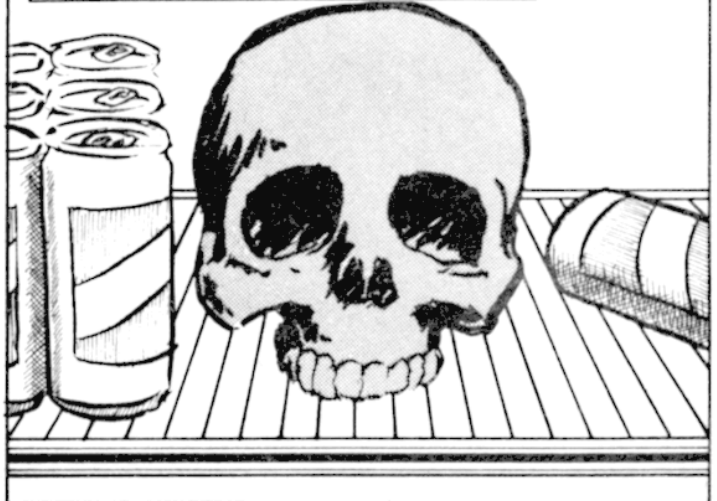
Sunday afternoon, Sept. 2nd, 1990.



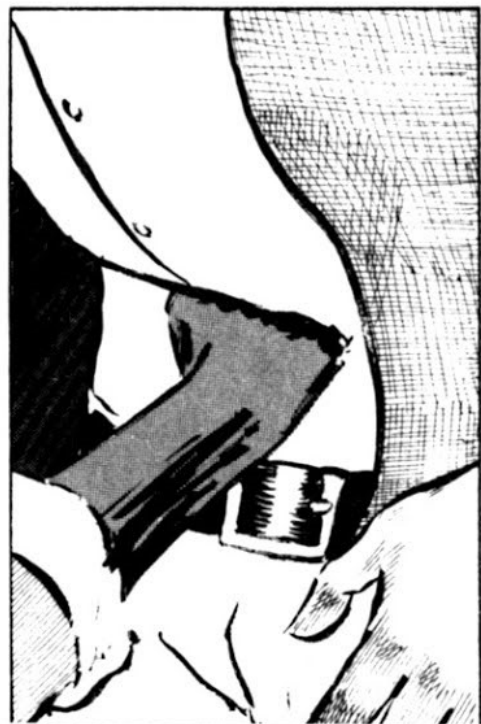
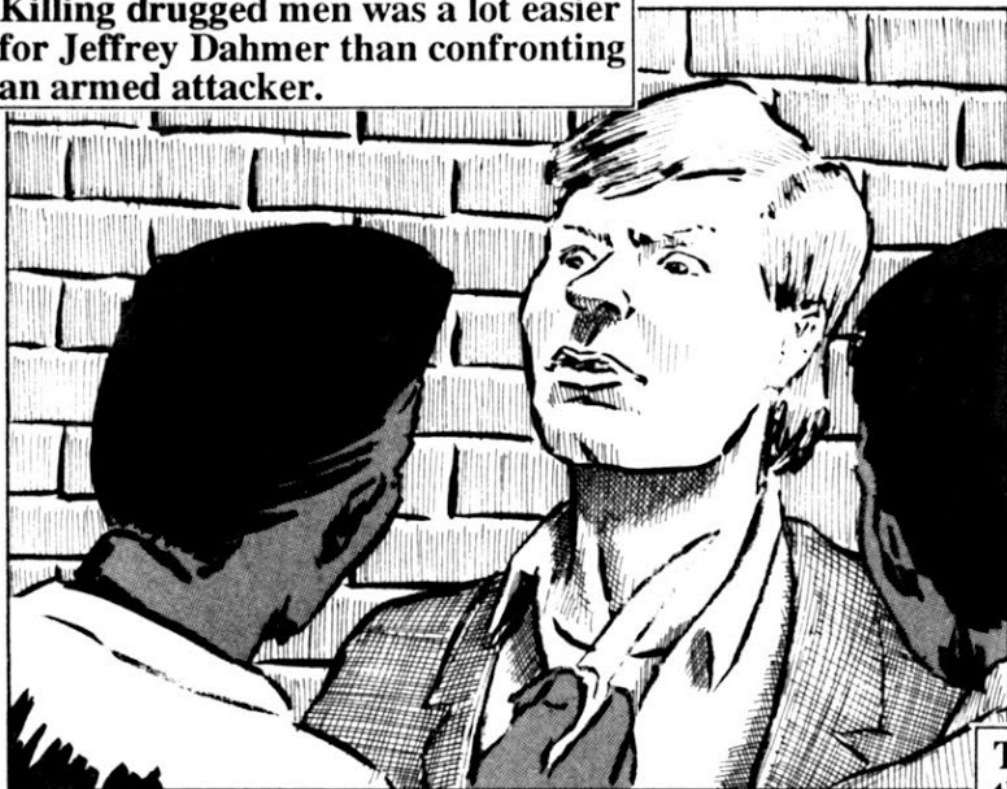
Ernest Miller, a 24 year old dancer found himself in Jeffrey's warm embrace. After sex came the drugged drink, then Dahmer slit his throat, and the camera came out.

A stack of three black and white photographs. The top photo shows a person's arm and hand. The middle photo shows a person's torso and arm. The bottom photo shows a person's arm and hand.

Dahmer bleached the bones and kept the man's skeleton.

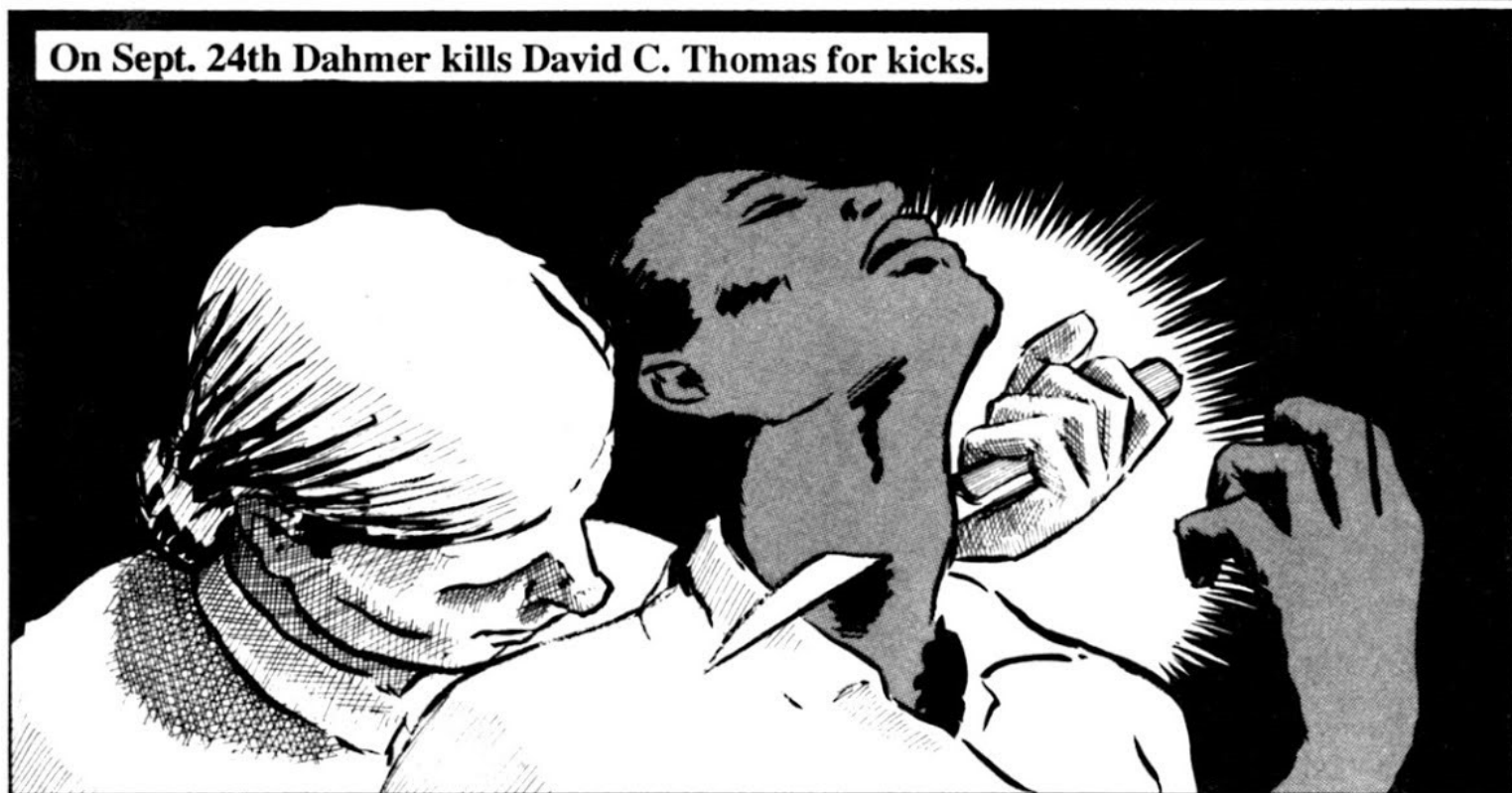
A black and white illustration of a hand holding a knife. The hand is on the left, and the knife is pointing towards the right. The knife has a dark handle and a sharp blade.

Killing drugged men was a lot easier for Jeffrey Dahmer than confronting an armed attacker.

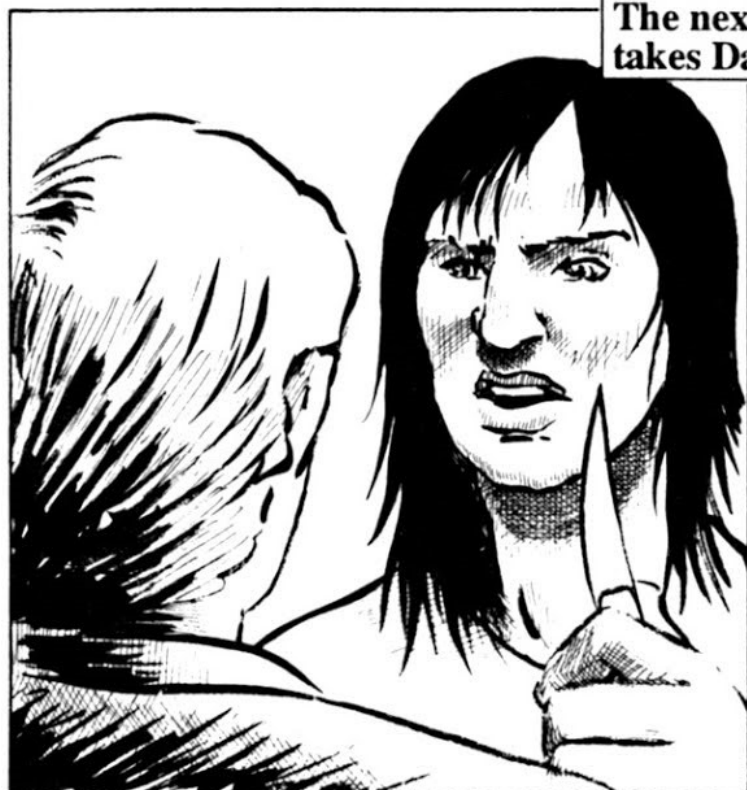


The first time he's mugged they take \$100 and his bus pass.

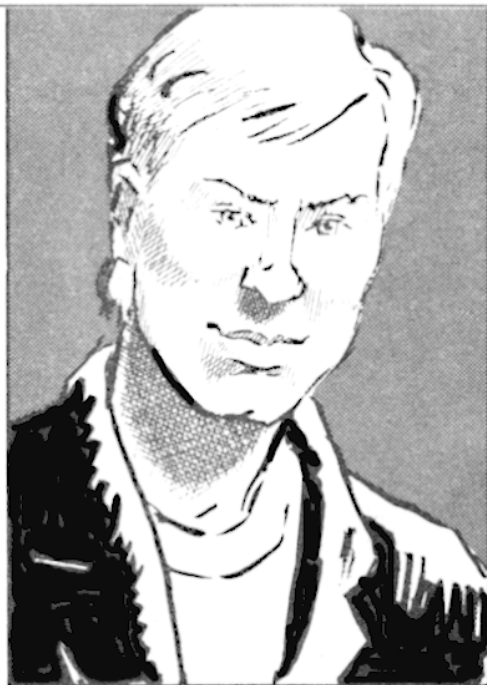
On Sept. 24th Dahmer kills David C. Thomas for kicks.



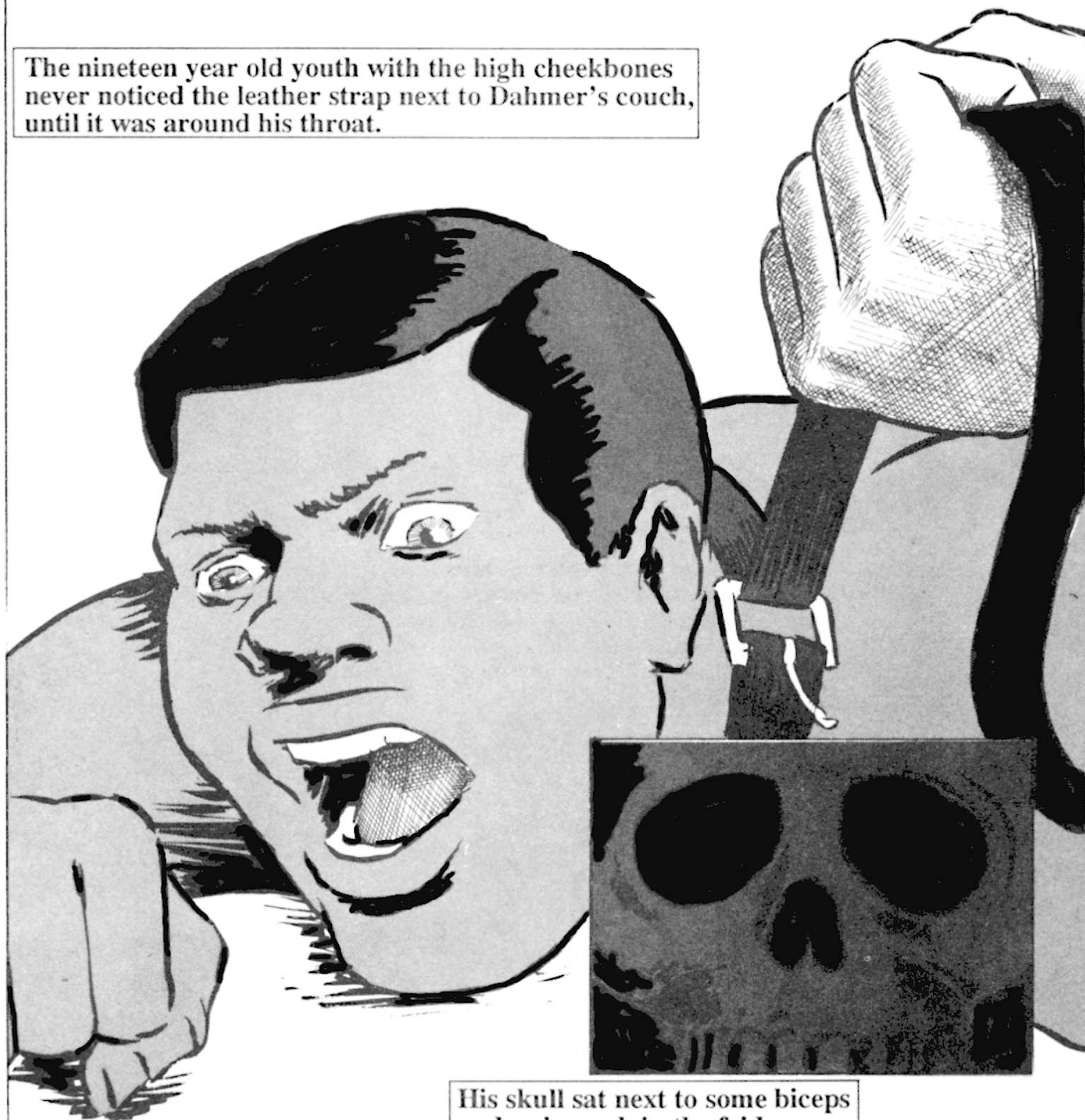
The next time he's mugged, one man takes Dahmer's last four bucks.



February 18th, 1991. Curtis Straughter is running down a street beside Marquette University. He meets Jeffrey Dahmer in a three-sided bus shelter, sheets of rain pounding the glass enclosure.

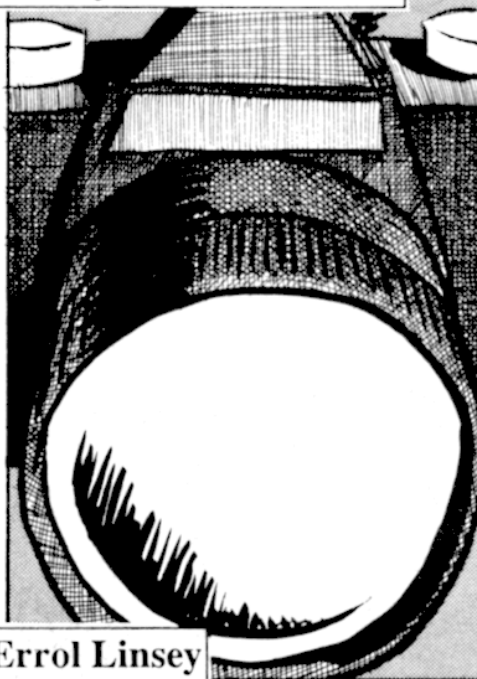
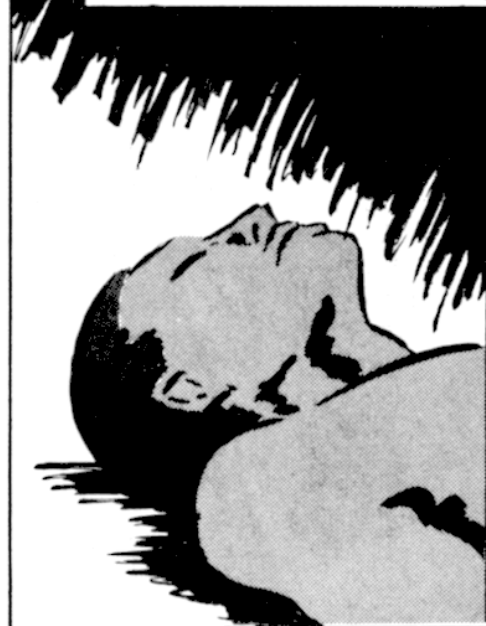


The nineteen year old youth with the high cheekbones never noticed the leather strap next to Dahmer's couch, until it was around his throat.



His skull sat next to some biceps and a six-pack in the fridge.

The deaf mute lay quietly in Dahmer's bedroom while the camera clicked and whirred in the next room. He'd been strangled May 24th.

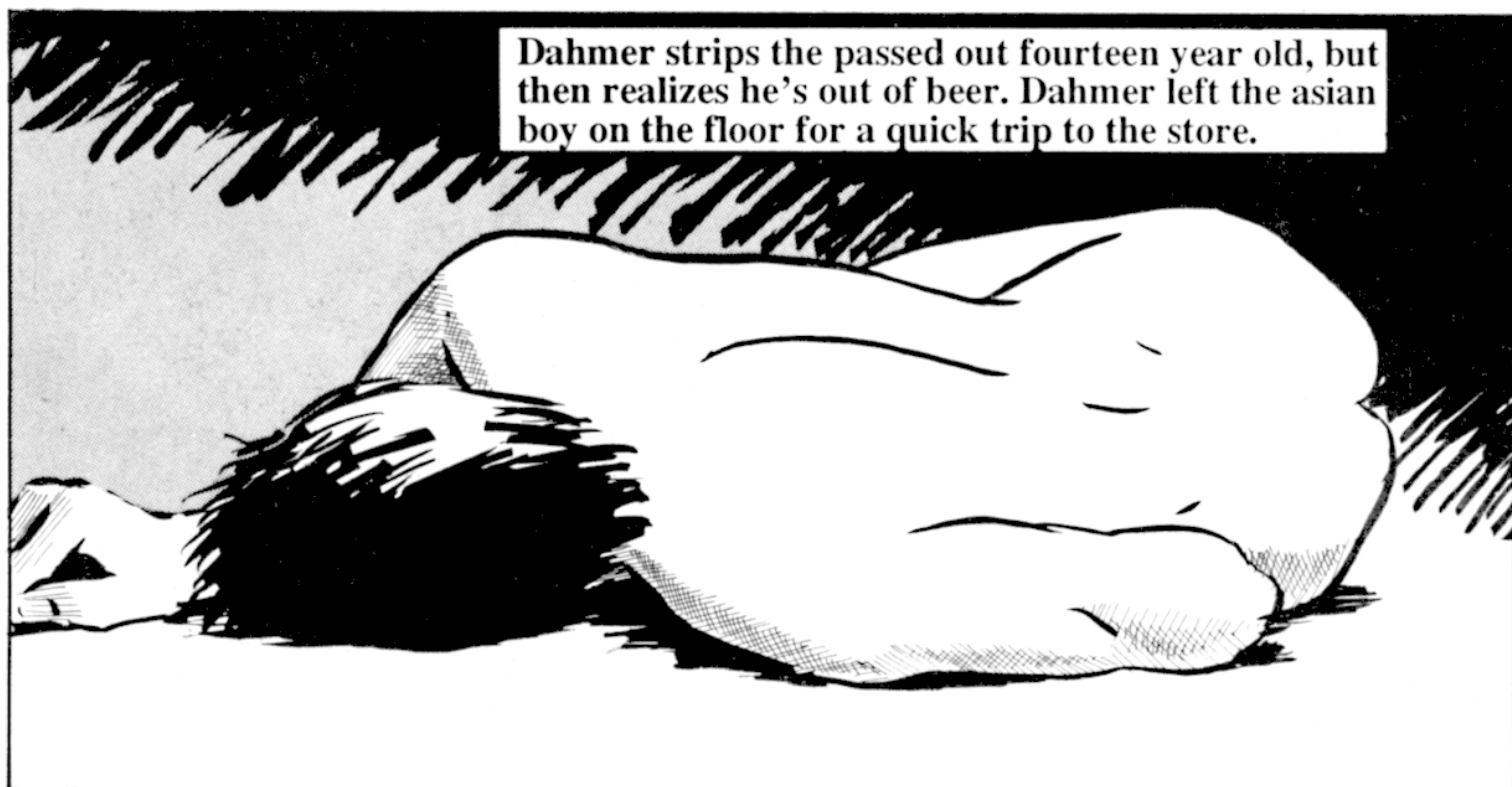


Before him was Errol Linsey on April 7th.

Konerak Sinthasomphone posed in his underwear unaware of the dead man in the next room. Dahmer gives the boy his special cocktail and pops a cassette into his VCR.



Dahmer strips the passed out fourteen year old, but then realizes he's out of beer. Dahmer left the asian boy on the floor for a quick trip to the store.



Strolling down 25th street, a case of beer under his arm, for Dahmer it was Miller time.



At the sight of Dahmer's toy loose and on the street, Dahmer drops the beer and breaks into a run.



Dahmer struggled with the two women for possession of his rectally bleeding prize.



Two squad cars and a fire engine roll up on the strange scene. Three policemen speak with Dahmer, mostly ignoring the two black woman.

The officers escort the man and the boy back to Dahmer's apt.. Jeffrey is all smiles and "sorry about the fuss." Dahmer shakes hands with one of the officers and then they leave.



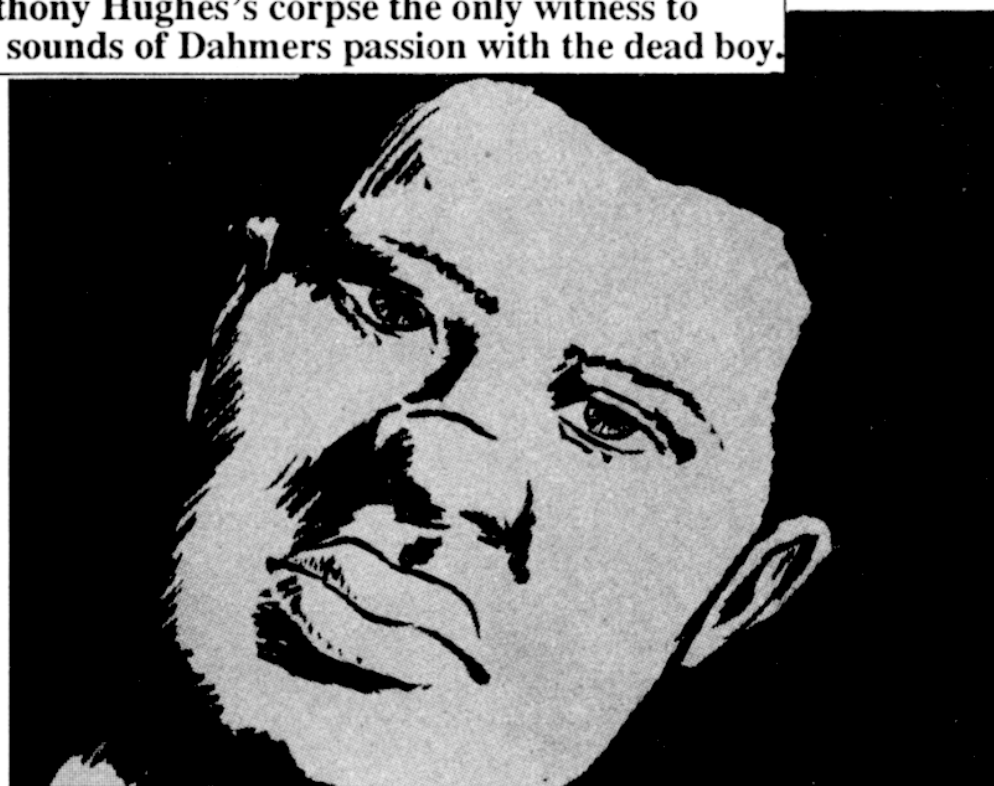
Jeffrey told them that Konerak was his nineteen year old lover and that he was a little drunk. Just a lovers quarrel.



The police left Dahmer alone with the young soccer player.



Anthony Hughes's corpse the only witness to the sounds of Dahmer's passion with the dead boy.



Dahmer picked up Matt Turner in Chicago, at the Gay Pride parade. Money for some pictures was the only bait needed to lure the fly.



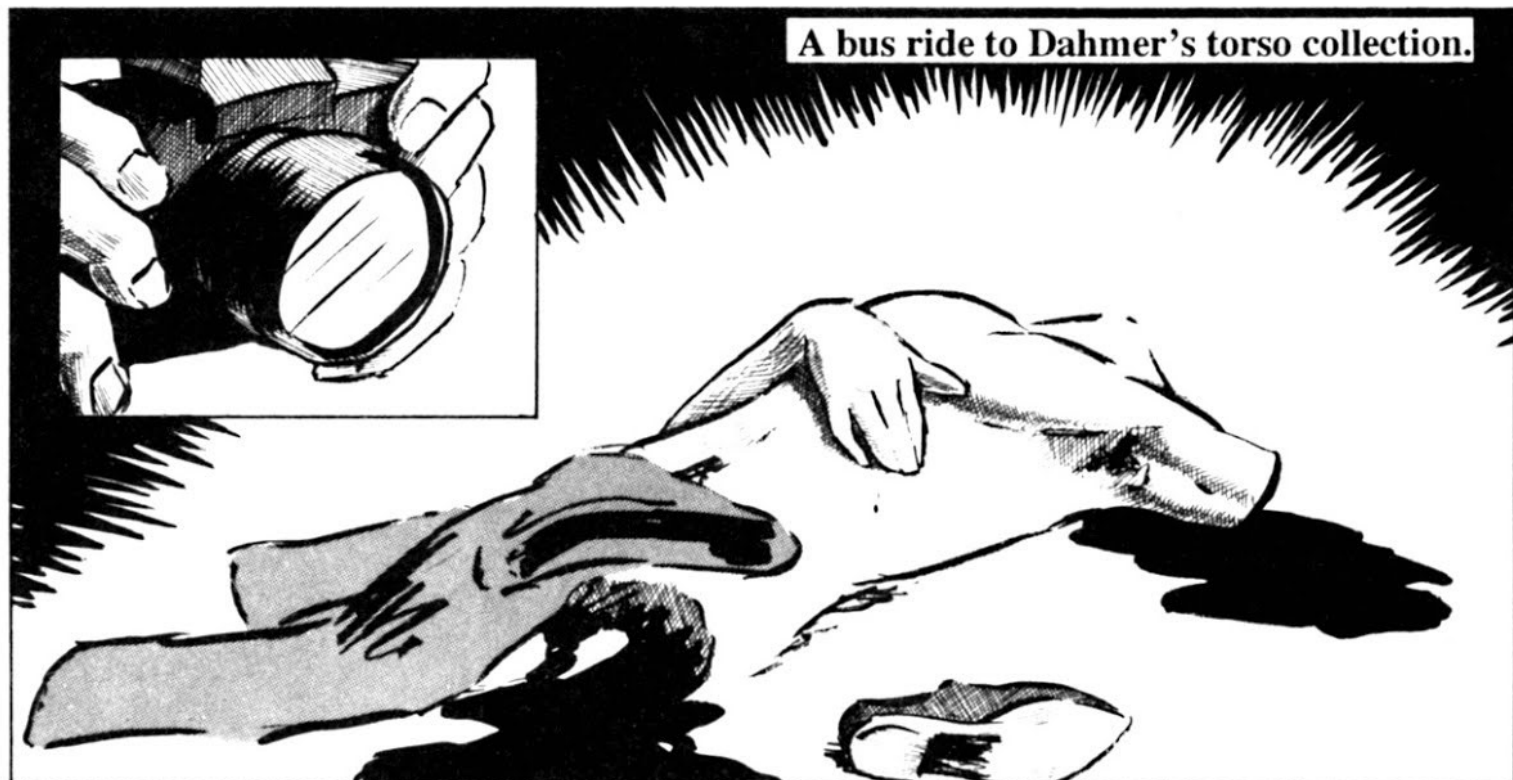
The two of them hopped on a Greyhound back to Milwaukee. Matt's final bus ride.



On July 5th, the same ploy worked on Jeremiah Weinberger.



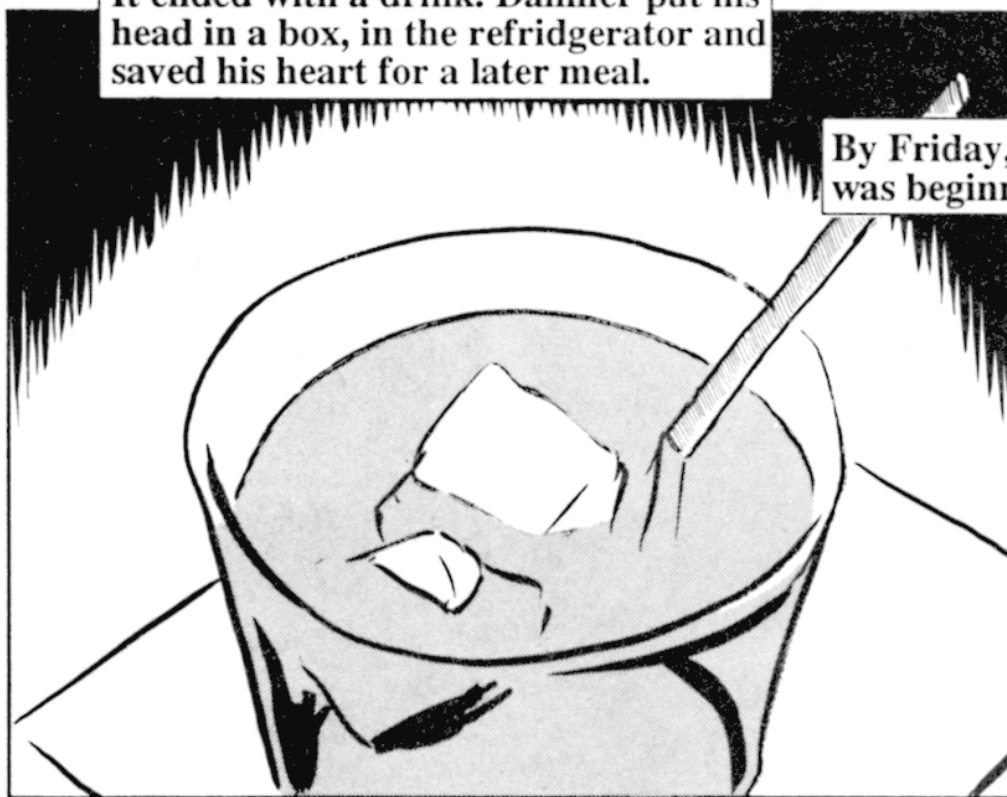
A bus ride to Dahmer's torso collection.



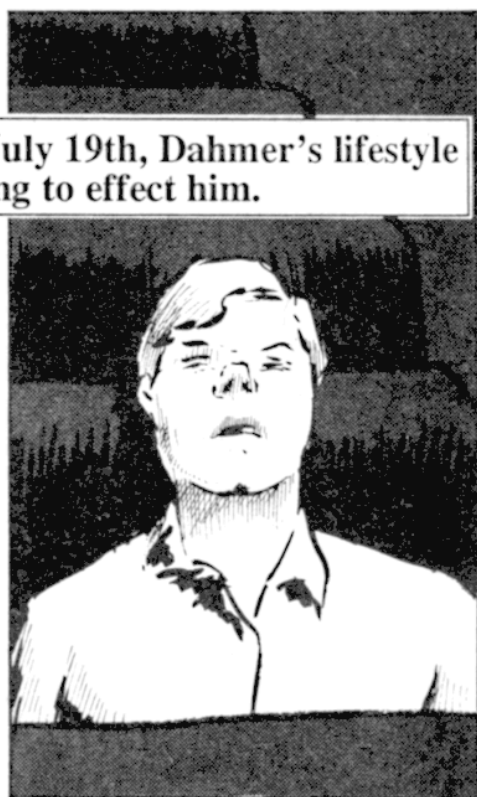
July 15th. For Oliver Lacy, 23, it started with a back rub.



It ended with a drink. Dahmer put his head in a box, in the refrigerator and saved his heart for a later meal.



By Friday, July 19th, Dahmer's lifestyle was beginning to effect him.



Dahmer had been fired from his job at the Ambrosia chocolate factory. There were dark circles under his eyes.



Sitting at the bus stop like a surprise care package was Joseph Bradehoft, in town looking for a job to support his family, a six-pack under one arm.



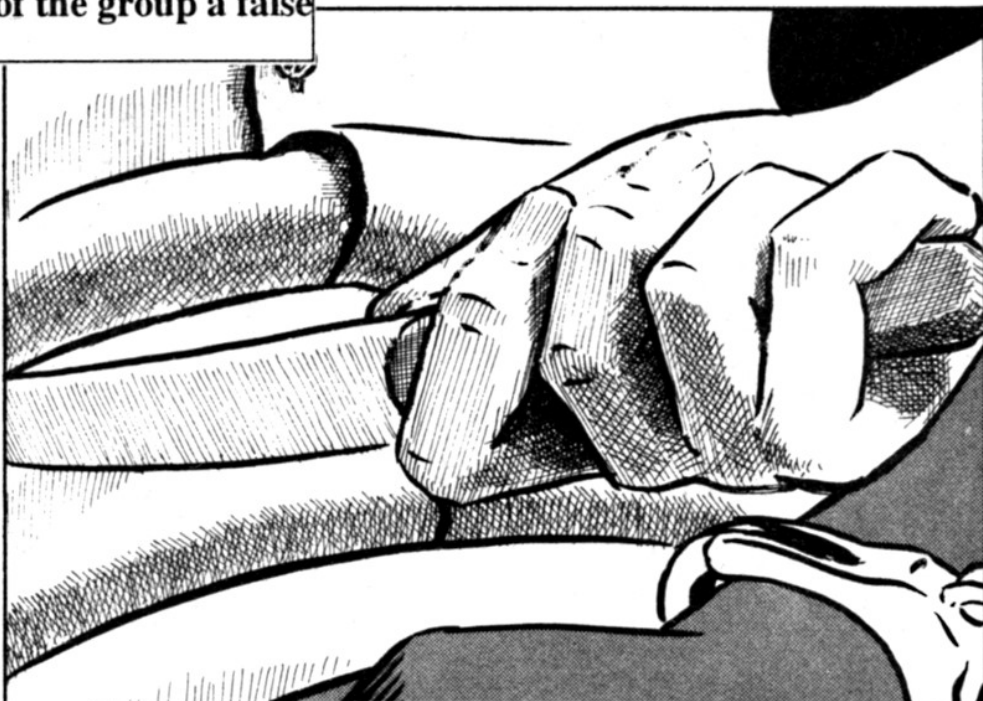
Monday, July 22, 1991. Tracy Edwards is hanging out at the mall with some friends. He'd seen Dahmer around the neighborhood.



Dahmer talked the group into going back to his place to suck down some brew. Dahmer and Edwards would pick up the beer and meet with everyone else back at his place.



Dahmer gave the rest of the group a false address.

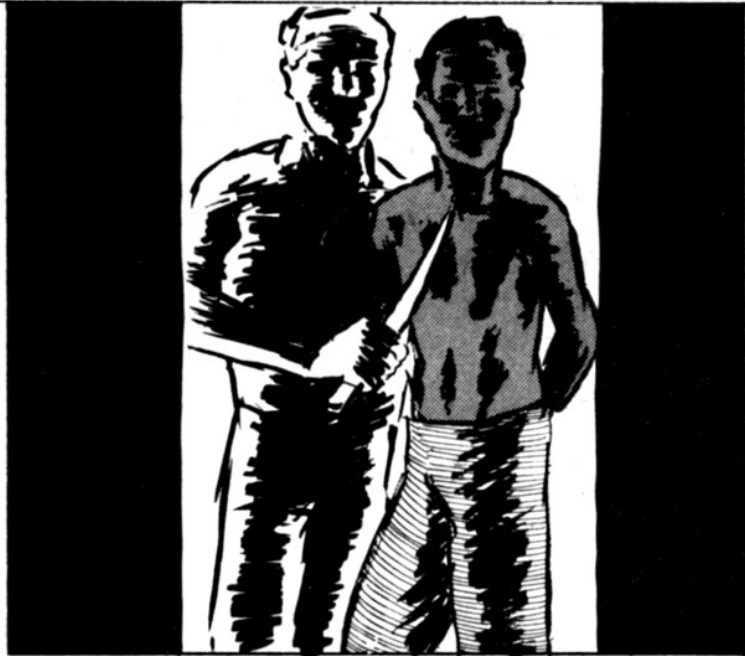


When Edwards, father of six, realized his friends weren't going to show up, he made to leave. Dahmer slapped a handcuff on one wrist and pushed a butcher knife into his chest.



Dahmer told the man to strip.

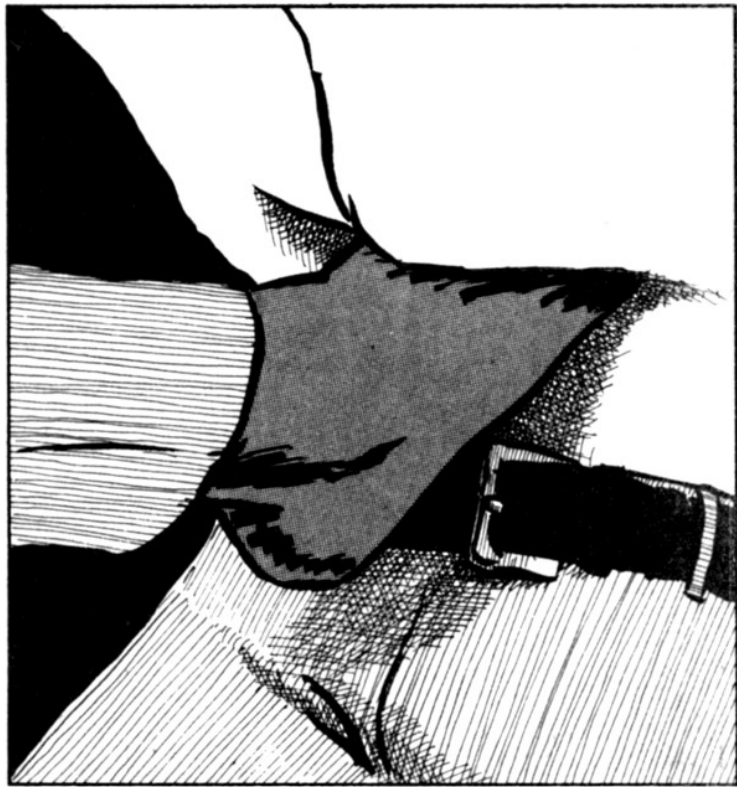
Dahmer walked Edwards to his bedroom, where the stench was the foulest. The Exorcist was playing on a TV by the bed.



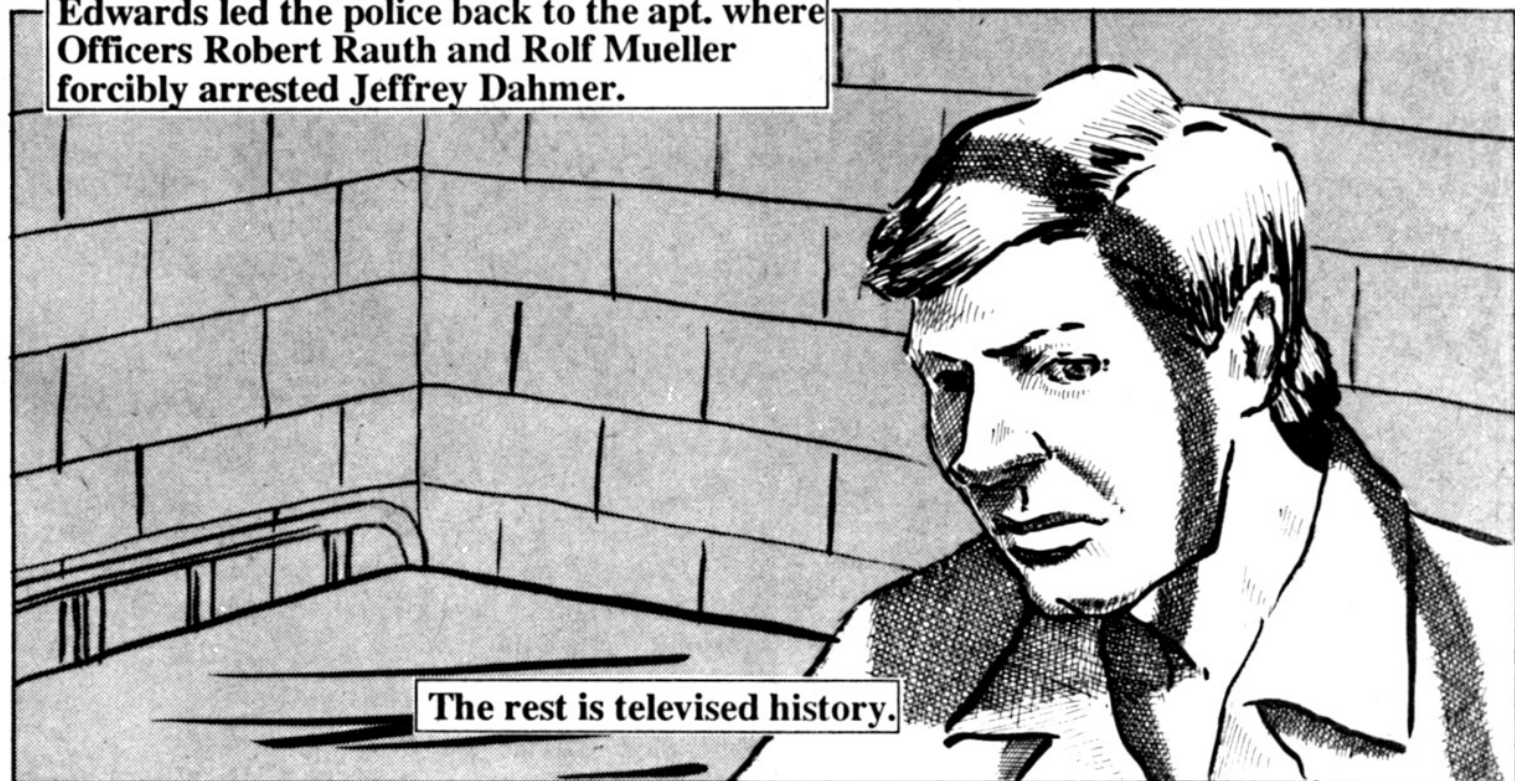
Pictures of mutilated men were tacked to the walls. Dahmer told Edwards that he was going to cut his heart out and eat it.



Edwards exploded on his keeper with a flurry of punches and kicks, knocking Dahmer to the floor.



Edwards led the police back to the apt. where Officers Robert Rauth and Rolf Mueller forcibly arrested Jeffrey Dahmer.



The rest is televised history.

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*"It's frightening,
there's an
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-Tim Vigil (Faust)

*"Well written and
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-Timothy


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